

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

THE *Liguorian*

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Amongst Ourselves

The coal strike (we pray that it will be permanently settled by the time this reaches your eyes) reminded us of the fact that some months ago *THE LIGURIAN* carried an article on coal, demonstrating how completely the whole of America's economy is tied up with an unhampered flow of coal from the mines. It was shown there, as if in preview of what actually happened when the strike stopped the production of coal, that manufacturing, transportation, public services such as light, heat, power, etc., are almost completely dependent on coal. It was also shown, and this kept us sympathetic to the miners throughout the strike, that mining coal is the most hazardous work in the United States today, and that miners have not been paid in proportion either to the nature of their work, or the hazards to life that they face, or to the importance of their jobs to the whole country, or to the needs of their lives as human beings. Up to the war the average miner's wage was in the neighborhood of \$30 a week, and few provisions had been made for insurance and security. We were surprised that so few public commentators on the strike referred to these things. The whole affair was built up as a

John L. Lewis vs. John Q. Public fracas, the former seeking personal and selfish power, the latter suffering grievously at his hands. The miner, most of whose life is spent in the coal pits to keep America moving, was forgotten.

We recommend highly the study entitled "To Whom Belong Profits?" in this issue. It is a topic on which little has been said and written; yet it cannot be dodged by anyone who wants to see clear through the problems of the economic world. . . . We also recommend an article that will appear in next month's issue entitled "The New Capitalists." Its thesis is that the hope of a good future for America lies in the hands of a sturdy group of new figures in the realm of ownership and management of business who are putting into practice a number of different plans for living annual wages, profit sharing of labor with capital, incentive measures for employees, etc. Gradually such men are making the old-line, laissez-faire, dictator-type of capitalist appear out of date and behind the times. It's an article telling of positive achievement and giving good hope of economic peace to all America.

The Liguorian

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

To Whom Belong Profits?

An answer to one of the key questions of the entire social problem.

R. J. Miller

ACCORDING to estimates published by the Department of Commerce, American corporations accumulated during the four and a half years or 55 months of war, some 52 billion dollars in profits *after payment of taxes*. Half of this sum has gone to the corporation stockholders as dividends, and the other half has been kept in the corporation treasuries as profits.

Twenty-six *billion* dollars in profits!

Twenty-six billion dollars after paying off all the bills of the corporations, and all the bondholders, all the stockholders, all the workers, and all the tax-collecting agencies of state and federal governments!

The contemplation of this incredible mass of profits—this gigantic “kitty”—might prompt even the conservative-minded admirer of the capitalistic system to ask if *all the* 26 billion had to remain in the coffers of the corporations, or if there might not be some claims on the sum from others besides the stockholders.

And the Catholic admirer of Papal teaching on the social question might ask whether the Popes or the Church

have not spoken on this question of profits, and taken a stand on such matters as: who owns the profits? who has claims on the profits? may the workers “have a finger in the pie” when it comes to the distribution of profits?

The old-line capitalist would claim that the company was the absolute owner of all the profits, and after it had paid its bills, its taxes, and the lowest possible wages it could manage to pay, it was answerable to neither God nor man for the way it used what was left.

And there have been those, on the other hand, who claimed that the workers were the rightful owners of all the profits, and the company was entitled only to what was strictly necessary to keep the business going, with an absolute minimum of remuneration for the corporation officials and stockholders.

Both of these extreme views were condemned by Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical Letter of 1931: *Quadragesimo Anno*. The one he calls the “unjust claims of capital,” and the other the “unjust claims of labor.”

The Pope's own view on the owner-

ship of the profits is that after all the expenses of the company have been paid, and all other claims against it have been satisfied, the owners of the company, i.e., the capitalists or the stockholders, are also the owners of the profits; but they have the obligation of seeing that the profits are allocated or distributed in the way that will best serve the general welfare.

"After all the expenses of the company have been paid," however, will cover a lot of ground, especially in the large modern corporation. It will mean: after workers have got their wages; bondholders have got their interest; patent holders their royalties; supply houses, expressmen, railways, advertisers have been paid for materials and services; carpenters, steel workers, steam fitters have been paid for maintenance work and repairs; government has got its taxes; and stockholders have received their dividends.

It might seem that after this long litany of creditors has been paid off (and there are a good many more of them besides those just mentioned), what is left, or the "profits," cannot amount to very much. Yet during the 44 months of World War II American corporations had left after the payment of all such expenses the staggering sum of 26 billion dollars in profits!

If, then, there are no further claims against American corporations, the stockholders are the owners of this sum of 26 billion dollars in profits.

But how can there be "further claims" if all the legal creditors have been paid off? The answer is that even after all the legal creditors have been paid off, there may still be other creditors who cannot actually push

their claims in law. The corporations may have overcharged their customers in some way that cannot be checked, or they may otherwise have added to their income and profits in ways that come under the heading of "graft."

For instance, Lindsay Warren, comptroller general of the United States, has made some startling statements regarding graft in the cost-plus-a-fixed-fee contracts between American corporations and the government during World War II. Under these contracts the corporations, great and small, were assured of a fixed fee regardless of cost. The practice then developed of padding the "cost" part of the bill to be presented to the government with extensive gifts, gratuities, and "kickbacks" made to all kinds of people connected directly or indirectly with the contract. Testifying before a Congressional Committee on a bill proposing to eliminate these "kickbacks," Mr. Warren expressed his belief that this practice had "added 50 billion dollars to the cost of the war."

Fifty billion dollars, it may be remarked in parenthesis while we get our breath, is more than the entire cost of World War I, graft and all!

The corporations, of course, have no right in justice to money obtained by overcharging a customer, even if the customer is the government of the United States. If therefore Lindsay Warren's estimate of a 50 billion dollar overcharge or graft is correct (and the Comptroller General of the United States should be in a position to know the facts) then the 50 billion dollar war graft will wipe out the 26 billion dollar war profits of American corporations, and leave 24 billion dollars still to pay!

But there are other creditors having claims in justice if not in law on the 26 billion dollar war profits of American corporations. They are the employees of the corporations who were receiving less than a living, family wage while the 26 billion dollars were being amassed.

"The first claim of labor, which takes priority over any claim of the owners to profits, respects the right to a living wage," said the American Bishops in their 1940 Statement, *The Church and the Social Order*, n. 40.

"The first claim," then, on the 26 billion dollars of war profits was to raise the wages of the employees of the corporations to a living, family level.

At the end of World War II average annual wages for American workers in manufacturing, mining, and the railroad industries were about \$2,400. But at that very time the cost of a "health and decency budget" for a two child American family was \$3,075 per year, according to the Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics, a nationally recognized authority in this field. Besides, the kind of family the popes have in mind when they talk of a "family wage" is hardly a "two child family"; while they have never specified an actual number, it would be quite reasonable to suppose from their reiterated pronouncements on the malice of contraception that the "family" which their "family wage" should be sufficient to support is at a minimum a "four child family." But if it took \$3,075 per year in 1945 to support a two child family, it would take \$4,075 per year to support a four child family. Such at least, is the conclusion that could be drawn from the fact that

the United States Treasury Department allows fathers of families in making out their income taxes an exemption of \$500 per child per year.

"The first claim of labor," then, on the 26 billion dollars of war profits is a sum that will make up the difference — or at least a portion of the difference — between \$2,400 and \$4,075 per year.

During 1945, by the way, General Motors Corporation had profits of \$188,268,115. At the risk of inducing apoplectic seizures in any capitalist readers who may have got thus far in this exposition of radical papal doctrines, it might be suggested that General Motors could do worse than divide this \$180 million dollar kitty among the 180,000 workers of the corporation. This would mean \$1,000 apiece for the workers, and would bring their annual wages up to \$3,400 — an approximation, at least, to the true ideal of a living, family wage.

It begins to look as though our first guess was right, and when all the obligations of American corporations, both in law and in natural justice, are paid off, there will not be much left after all.

But just for the sake of illustration, if nothing else, let us suppose that all possible obligations of the corporations have been met, and there are still some profits left. Indeed, this has happened in actual fact. The Jack and Heintz Company of Cleveland paid 8600 employees annual basic wages of \$5,300 during the war years and were not without profits at the end.

So let us suppose that there has been no overcharging of customers, and all the able-bodied workers have

been paid a just wage, and all the other creditors of the company paid in full, and there is still something left over—who owns these profits?

The pope's doctrine is that the company or the stockholders, not the workers, owns the profits. It is true, he does not put it in so many words; but his doctrine may be clearly gathered from what he does say about profit sharing by the workers and about the wage contract in general. For if he held that the workers are the owners of the profits, he would enjoin the introduction of profit sharing as their strict and universal right. Instead he only recommends it, in *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 65, as something "more advisable," to be introduced "so far as possible." Similarly, in *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 64, he gives his definite approval to the wage contract. But the essence of the wage contract is that the workers give up any strict rights they have to ownership of the profits in return for a fixed wage.

But though the stockholders are the owners of the profits, the Pope by no means teaches that they are absolutely free to use them as they please. Granted that American stockholders are the owners of the 26 billion dollars in war profits (or some portion of the 26 billion dollars), they still have the obligation of seeing that these profits are allocated or distributed in the way that will best serve the common advantage of all, or the common good. So says Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 57. Indeed, his thought is that profits are to be considered as "superfluous income," which "the rich are bound by a very grave precept" to distribute for the relief of human misery or for the

common good. Such is his teaching in *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 50.

A striking and noteworthy feature of the pope's teaching on profits is the fact that the distribution is not to be made on the basis of labor's and capital's contribution to production. The share of the profits that is to go to each of them is not to be measured by the value of their productive effort, but rather by the requirements of the common good.

On the basis of the requirements of the common good, then, it is evident that both labor and capital should get a share of the profits. The common good will be served if capital gets a share, because thereby capital will have the incentive and the opportunity to provide means for the workers. "Expanding larger incomes," says Pius XI in *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 51, "so that opportunity for gainful work may be abundant, provided, however, that this work is applied to producing really useful goods, ought to be considered . . . an outstanding exemplification of the virtue of munificence and one particularly suited to the needs of the times."

Likewise, the common good requires that the burden of debt be avoided wherever possible. Hence it is preferable for a company to pay for its necessary expansion rather by "internal financing" out of the profits of the business, than by borrowing money from the banks or from the public by bond issues. It may be mentioned that such "internal financing" has been very common in the United States since the 1920's. The Hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee show that in the period 1922-37 more than three fourths of the financing of business

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plant and equipment in the United States was from internal sources. The American railroad industry, for instance, during this period reinvested seven billion dollars of its earnings — three times as much as it borrowed. United States Steel Corporation reinvested one billion — ten times as much as it borrowed. General Electric and General Motors seem to have borrowed nothing at all.

While the pope thus admits that the common good requires a distribution of some portion of the profits to capital, the point he stresses over and over is that the common good demands that the workers get a larger share of the profits than has hitherto fallen to their lot. The common good, he declares repeatedly, requires that the workers have some reserves over and above their weekly pay envelope and that they be put on the way to financial independence.

Capitalists often allege as a reason for their getting or keeping a major portion of the profits the need that business has of reserves. Employers who take an interest in the welfare of their workers and in the common good even feel that if they keep the profits as "reserves" they are doing something that will be of benefit to the workers, since such reserves will protect the business and the workers' jobs in case of hard times.

Of course, if it is intended that the workers keep on getting their wages whether the firm is operating or not, and if such an intention is actually carried out in practice, the common good will be eminently served by this practice of "munificence." And there are cases where it is done. The practice of "guaranteed annual wages" is one example of such consideration

of the common good; and there are several hundred guaranteed annual wage plans already in operation. They have been negotiated by employers and unions in such industries as meat packing, steel, dairy, fur and leather, textile, printing, hardware, and grain and cereal milling, as well as in wholesale and retail trade, and in services, such as cleaning and dyeing and custom tailoring.

But in all too many cases, when depression and hard times strike the business, the workers are the first to suffer, reserves or no reserves. And so it is the pope's idea that the workers get their reserves against times of depression and unemployment directly out of the profits, and not that the employers take the reserves out of the profits and then pass them on to the workers in hard times.

Another consideration which the pope touches upon is that the common good requires an abundance of consumers for the products of business. But the worker class is the great consumer class. Whereas the profits that go to the rich or that remain in the coffers of the corporation remain idle as "savings," the profits that go to the working class are to a large extent expended by them for consumer goods. Indeed, it is sometimes objected by employers as an argument against higher wages, or against profit sharing by the workers, that when the workers do have money, they spend it more lavishly even than their employers. But from the point of view of the common good, it is certainly better that money be spent lavishly and thus help to keep the wheels of industry turning, than that it be put away and eventually be

willed and bequeathed to the capitalist's descendants!

It was asked at the beginning of this article if the Church has taken any stand on the question of whether the workers may have "a finger in the pie" when it comes to the distribution of the profits. "The finger in the pie" motif was made familiar to the readers of American newspapers during the General Motors strike in the winter of 1945-46. The management of General Motors repeatedly ran large advertisements in the daily papers claiming that the union demands in the strike were nothing but a sinister and scandalous move toward getting "a finger in the pie," i.e., toward getting a voice or share in the "prerogatives of management."

The pope, however, would not regard such a move as sinister or scandalous. While teaching that the capitalist owns the profits, and therefore should have the leading voice in their distribution for the common good, he clearly and repeatedly calls for a share in such "prerogatives of management" on the part of labor. In *Quadragesimo Anno*, n. 65, when speaking of profit sharing for the workers, he adds that it would also be advisable if the workers were to get a share in management "so far as is possible." In n. 69 he declares that full employment is impossible unless brains, capital, and labor combine and act as a single unit. In n. 73 he recommends as a remedy for low profits and low wages that both

"workers and employers strive with united strength and counsel to overcome the difficulties."

And there have been and are successful examples of management sharing on the part of workers in the United States. During World War II there were formed about 5000 Labor-Management Committees, as they were called, precisely for the purpose of having "workers and employers strive with united strength and counsel" to improve methods of production. Even before World War II, however, when labor sharing in management was the rare exception, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers was able to establish an industry-wide system of job and wage standards, and to send its technical experts into various plants to give assistance in improving managerial practices, and advice to owners on sales and price policies. It even loaned money at times to save bankrupt firms. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union also offered in 1941 to contribute \$100,000 to the industry's \$1,000,000 fund to promote the sale of its products.

Thus, while at first sight the Church's stand on profits might seem fanciful and Utopian, still an acquaintance with the trends of the times will reveal that as usual the pope was only taking the lead in the march of time, and that those who scoff at his position are unaware of the realities of the world in which they live.

Special Need

"Today is such a busy day," John Wesley used to say, "that I don't believe I can get through it with less than two hours of prayer."

The Sources of Suds

Nothing more commonplace, for Americans, than soap. Few such things more interesting, either.

T. Cozzens

WHEN the advertisement for a certain toilet soap promises you a new face in 14 days, it is time to make for the nearest drugstore. Who is so smug or indifferent this side of Hollywood that he does not feel he could do with a new face? There is another brand of soap that promises to turn the wrinkles of your face inside out. And there's one with a "bouquet" so beguiling that the user keeps the opposite sex at a distance only by breaking a few arms.

Now it had always seemed to us that soap was simply something one used to get rid of dirt. How wrong we were! Evidently that little bar, as familiar as the water we use with it, wants investigating.

Investigate we did. And we found that, for one thing, most Americans need not fear the dread B.O. If prewar figures are free from patriotic padding, the citizens of this country use more soap than do the people of any other nation. The statisticians tell us that each year every American uses an average of 25 pounds, counting soap flakes, shampoo, etc. Holland, long celebrated hygienically, was right at our spotless heels with a per capita average of 24 pounds or about 48 bars. Britain was sixth on the list, each Britisher using 40 bars. And so on down an increasingly painful list to Hindustan, where each citizen got by on only 4 ounces of soap from birth-day to birthday, about half a bar. However the Hindu can still wrinkle a nose at the Chinese; for in China the average person uses one fourth of

a bar every 12 months. That is not much soap, as servicemen returning from that theater will tell you.

Wartime scarcity, of course, hit every country and altered the statistics. Raw materials could not be shipped. The principal concern of soapmakers was to produce glycerine, used in making dynamite, film, etc. Europe was hit hardest; there soap was so rare it became a medium of exchange. To keep clothes and bodies clean was practically an impossibility. Worse, typhus (a product of dirt plus lice) spread over the continent. Today, in the holds of UNNRA ships, tons of cases of soap get first place along with canned milk and clothes and medicines.

"R-COONa" tells, in the cryptic language of chemistry, what soap is made of. The two essential ingredients for it are both common and inexpensive: an alkali and a fat or oil. The alkali is usually lye or caustic soda. The oil is either an animal fat (tallow) or a vegetable oil (like palm oil). Your grandmother used the same basic ingredients when she brewed her own strong soap on the kitchen stove from hog fat and wood ashes.

Commercial soap manufacturers use several kinds of alkalies, some strong, some weak. The special purpose of a soap determines the strength of the alkali the soapmaker uses. If it is to be a rough soap he leans heavily on the potash or ammonia or ground pumice stone. Sometimes it happens that a manufacturer succumbs to temptation and leans a little too heavily on the

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rough stuff. Laboratory tests have revealed that one company markets a mechanics' soap which is 50 per cent white sand. A bit hard on the hands and, incidentally, on the federal law.

Of course, for a toilet soap like the kind used in mixing a "facial cocktail" a manufacturer must use an alkali with a gentler action. Such alkalies were formerly extracted from wood ashes—an expensive process. Now they are obtained far more economically from common salt.

The oils used in soap manufacture are of many kinds. Right now part of your next year's soap supply may be innocently cavorting in a Wyoming pasture. For mutton and beef tallow is the backbone of soapmaking. Two parts of tallow to one part of other oils is the usual proportion.

Each one of these other oils gives a special "character" to a soap mixture. For instance, light coconut oil results in a quick-sudsing soap, because it is half lauric acid, an acid not contained in any oil produced in this country. It is pressed from copra, the dried meat of coconuts, and has to be carried 5000 miles from the Philippines to reach the soapmaker's kettles.

In normal shipping times, oils for soap arrive in America from every part of the world, and each has some special, desirable quality. On the west coast of Africa native blacks crush the pulpy fruit of the palm tree with crude presses to extract valuable palm oil for your mild face soap. Another popular oil is the green olive oil squeezed from the pulp of olives grown in Greece and Italy and Spain.

These two oils, and coconut, are most in demand, but other vegetable oils are employed in lesser quantities. Such are soybean oil from two such

widely separated places as China and Illinois; cottonseed oil from our own South, peanut oil from the Far East, linseed oil, castor oil, and sesame oil from India. And from the steamy jungles of Brazil comes a trickle of babassu oil, pressed by natives from the kernel of the toughest nut growing.

More rare and delicate are the fragrant oils, small quantities of which are used to perfume soap. Such valuable oils are distilled from lavender, a small flower grown in France; from Spanish rosemary and aromatic thyme; thus too we get oil of citronella, shipped from the East Indies, and geranium oil from Algeria. One geranium bath soap, marketed by a well-known female in the cosmetic business, sells (should one care to smell like a geranium) for \$1 a bar.

Soap perfume secrets are carefully guarded by each company. An expert adds the perfume to the mixture at the precise time, drop by drop. To choose the most appealing scent for one popular toilet soap, a certain manufacturer consulted 17,000 women about their preferences before one cake was ever made. A big headache, but smart business.

If one has that kind of mind, one may have wondered idly in the past: Why does soap clean? What mysterious process goes on under a microscope when soapy water hits dirt? The answer, in an atomic age, should be easy. The exact chemical process, however, continues to stump the scientists. Of course they have theories. One offered is that soap greatly decreases what is called the "surface tension" of water, so that the water can penetrate more easily and deeply into the dirt and break its grip. When you wash

your hands with soap, the soapy water softens and tears loose the fine particles of dirt and holds them in suspension, like drops of oil suspended in water.

Another explanation: a soap solution has an action called "colloidal action." Breaking the scientific language down, what happens is something like this: the soap molecules gather together in the water into tiny, jellylike clots. These clots have a curious magnetic power of drawing to themselves any dirt particles they encounter. Then, of course, they wash off easily.

A third group of scientists say that soap, a substance used widely in industry as a lubricant, exercises that lubricating power in any washing you do and simply makes the dirt so slippery it can no longer hold on.

It is very likely that all three are correct; that the kind of dirt and the kind of object from which it is washed determine which one of these actions takes place.

A quick backward glance at the history of soap and one comes to the profound conclusion that Cleopatra's allure must have been quite impressive. That bewitching lady had to get by without using soap! No bubble baths, no facial cocktails. People of her time had to wash with ground pumice stone or very fine sand and lots of water. But no soap.

Like electricity and penicillin, soap was discovered by chance. A few score years before Christ, some ancient's kettle of goat tallow boiled over and ran down into the ashes of his wood fire. A thrifty character, he salvaged the mess. Whoever he was, he deserved a Nobel award; for his discovery was the beginning of soap.

Pliny, a Roman writer, made the first mention of true soap when he recorded about A.D. 77 that the Gauls had a preparation made "by boiling goat tallow with a liquor which they draw from beechwood ashes." They used the stuff, however, not as a cleansing agent but as a hair dressing. Only later were its cleansing properties recognized.

A medical book compiled by one Doctor Galen in A.D. 140 records that this same French pomade was surprisingly effective in removing dirt from the skin. This crude soap, because of the ingredients used and the way it was made, must have been similar to present-day homemade backwoods soft soap — a brown, smelly jelly with sandpaper action.

But not till near the year 800 do we find the records available mentioning the subject of soap. The French pomade had caught on, for at that time it was recorded that Marseilles had become the soap mart of the world. Of course after so many years the first crude product had been greatly improved: soda was the alkali used, mild olive oil had replaced the goat tallow, and rosin was used as a hardening agent. Three more centuries passed. Meanwhile Italy and Castile in Spain became prominent as soap centers. The word *Castile* to this day suggests a good toilet soap.

Though the quality of soap was improving steadily, its primitive method of manufacture made it very expensive. Consequently only the rich could use it freely. But about 1800, a French scientist who had become interested in soap's chemical action discovered a process whereby caustic soda could be extracted from common salt. Salt being as cheap as it is, the cost

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of making soap dropped. Marketed soap was no longer a luxury item. It soon became within the budget of all.

Soap in cake form first appeared on the market about 1830. But most people, especially country people, continued to make their own soap until after the Civil War. Gradually commercial soap became cheaper and far more practical than the homemade kind. Usually it was sold by the pound, cut by the grocer from long, rough slabs. Quite a different story from the wide variety of soaps now available, most of which were developed in the twentieth century.

Typical of modern soapmaking is the interesting process which takes place at the main plant of the Procter and Gamble Co. at Cincinnati, the world's largest soap factory. Here one sees a hundred mammoth kettles, each three stories high, each capable of holding ten carloads of soap. Coiled in the bottom of these stainless steel kettles are perforated pipes; through them steam escapes and boils the mixture when the kettle is full. A stream of soap stock (tallow, oils, hardener, etc.) pours in from one side, a solution of soda from the other. As the kettle fills, the steam is turned on and the soap stock and soda unite in a bubbling, foamy mass. For two days the boiling process goes on, while a complicated chemical process converts the mass into soap with the consistency of thick cream.

When the batch seems to be done, a master soapmaker dips out a sample and sends it to the laboratory for chemical analysis. Only with the "lab" technician's o.k. can the process continue. In this way every step is exactly and scientifically controlled. For if any free alkali were to remain, the

soap would injure fabrics and skin. If free oil were left, the soap would not rinse properly.

With the chemist's approval, the maker proceeds to "grain" the soap. He sends tons of salt rushing into the bubbling mass to force glycerine, unused soda and other impurities to the bottom, from where they are pumped off.

Then the soap flows into huge mixing machines, called "crutchers," where it is worked over and made uniform in content and smoothness. It may be interesting to note that one day about ten years after the Civil War, a workman in a soap factory carelessly left a crutcher running while he went off to lunch. By the time he got back, millions of tiny air bubbles had been beaten into the soap mixture. When soap from this batch appeared on the market, users were startled to see that it floated in their tubs and basins. By accident, one of the most popular soaps in use today, Ivory, had been discovered.

From the crutchers the soap flows down into large iron molds. Covered carefully, the molds are placed in storage where the soap ages and hardens. At the proper time the huge slabs are cut into rough cakes, then moved along a conveyor belt to be in turn molded into final shape, stamped, wrapped and packed.

Such is the way "whipped" soaps are made. Most white floating soaps belong to this class. Many have a water content as high as 30 per cent, hence are less expensive to the maker and to the buyer.

However, many toilet soap mixtures skip the whipping process. Such soaps are called "milled." In this case, the hot, creamy soap is squeezed through

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cold iron rolls, comes off in a thin film, is dried and broken up into small chips. The chips are mixed with perfume, put under great pressure to form a hard cylinder, cut into rough cakes, molded, stamped with name and trade-mark and wrapped. These hard soaps contain little air and only about 10 per cent water; hence they dissolve more slowly than the whipped soaps and are less wasteful.

Soap flakes and chips are simply broken off a wide film of soap as it comes off hot rollers. Soap beads, however, are made by pumping liquid soap up to the top of a high tower where it is sprayed out in a fine mist. As the drops fall, the warm air inside the tower causes them to crystallize into beads.

Most soaps are manufactured in this typical manner. Each producer, of course, has his own secret formulas and methods. But all follow this same general process.

A pure soap, according to Consumers' Research, Inc., is one which contains (1) no harmful ingredients, (2) no "rider" ingredients. The latter are valueless "fillers" added to stretch the amount of the soap, like buttermilk in cake soap; starch, oatmeal, or clay in soap powders. Soap, by its very nature, irritates the skin; yet some added ingredients emphasize this irritating action. Federal law now permits manufacturers to add a small

percentage of rosin and glycerine to soap mixtures. Rosin is present especially in laundry soaps; it is added to aid sudsing, yet is a skin irritant. So is glycerine, carbolic acid, and cresylic acid. The latter two are added to some soaps to give an "antiseptic" quality. They do add an antiseptic odor. But their value as a medicine amounts to nothing. Ditto their value as an aid to romance.

Synthetic soaps, like Dreft, are not soap at all. They are cleansing agents chemically compounded from raw materials like petroleum, alcohol, sulfonated oil, etc. The army and navy used them extensively because they work well in both soft and hard water, even in salt water. The ring around your tub or basin forms because the calcium in hard water unites with soap to make an insoluble stuff called lime soap. No scum forms when synthetic soaps are used. Yet their use will probably always be very limited, as their raw materials cost more than do those of ordinary soap.

Thus there is more to a bar of soap than one might suspect. And apart from the scientific angle, it is clear that without soap germs would breed wildly and daily life become almost unbearable. Soap is an able servant and good friend to all.

To all, that is, with one exception. To small boys it will always be an instrument of torture.

Grace Before Meal

A Catholic army chaplain, recently returned from many months of service in Europe, gave a graphic picture of starvation in war-torn areas a few days ago. Near an American army camp in France, he related, little French waifs came upon the empty food cans thrown out by the camp cooks. Carefully the children used their fingers to scrape out every tiny particle of remaining food and every drop of juice left in the cans. Once they had collected all they could find, each child placed his can of precious findings on the ground before him, knelt before it, made the sign of the cross and said the grace before meals. The eyes of American G.I.'s watching the scene suddenly filled with tears as they turned away. — *St. Louis Register*



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: Is it wrong for a husband or wife to go out with a friend of the other sex? This is a common practice today; I know businessmen who take their secretaries out to lunch and dinner and shows frequently. I know wives of men who travel a great deal on business, who accept dates with other men in their husband's absence. I have even heard such persons argue that there is nothing wrong in this, so long as they avoid adultery.

Solution: The practice of which you speak is one of the signs of the corruption of morals in our day, and one of the most frequent immediate occasions of adultery and home wrecking. Fallen human nature, both male and female, tends toward promiscuity unless constantly checked by fidelity to principle and self-denial. The taking up of company keeping on the part of a married person cannot rightly be labeled by any other name than that of incipient adultery. And in a high percentage of cases it ends in actual adultery.

These principles can be clearly set down: For a married man or woman to accept dates frequently or with any kind of regularity with the same person would be a mortal sin. To accept dates and go out frequently with different persons would likewise ordinarily be a mortal sin, because of the injustice to the wife or husband, because of the danger of scandal, and because of the ever present danger of sin. Even to make or accept and keep one date would not be without sin, unless there were a good reason for it, and little danger of scandal, of sin, of falling in love, or of breaking up one's home. It is difficult indeed to eliminate all these dangers from the "dates" made or kept by married persons away from their partners.

The devil himself is behind the rationalizing that many married persons make use of in the all-important matter of illicit company keeping. They tell themselves that they wouldn't commit adultery for the world; that they owe it to being companionable and having an innocent good time; that they owe it to their secretaries and associates and old friends to go out with them on dates and help them enjoy themselves. Most of this is rank self-deception. Their marriage vows bind them to love and cherish one alone, and not to set up a train of circumstances in which they will be tempted to give their love to someone else. Especially does this hold when several years of married life have made them take their wives or husbands for granted, and when their lower nature will readily grasp at opportunities for new and unusual thrills. It was the Lord Himself who said that "any man who looks at another woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." "Dating other women" or, on the part of married women, "dating other men" is, in a majority of cases, the "adultery of the heart."

The Score Against Communism

Item for item, here are the reasons why Catholics oppose Russian Communism. They are the same reasons that should appeal to all freedom-loving people.

E. F. Miller

WHEN I was in the army during the war, one of the loudest complaints of some of my fellow officers (not the enlisted men — in many respects the enlisted men were far more intelligent than the officers) was that touching the position of Catholics on Russian Communism. They maintained that Catholics were narrow-minded, bigoted, ignorant, and undemocratic in sniping at the Russian form of government; that Catholics were only making way for another war in refusing to travel along with the Russians; that Catholics were angry at the Russians (and therefore opposed to them) because the Russians would not grant to their coreligionists the authority and power which they possessed in the middle ages and which quite properly was taken away from them when the world came to age.

These officers were university men without exception. They were supposed to be intelligent — at least the presumption was in their favor by the very fact that they were officers and were entrusted with the lives of many men in the midst of combat. Furthermore, while they were in Germany, they were in constant contact with a number of Russian Communists, and thus were given an opportunity of viewing at firsthand the actions and of evaluating the philosophy behind the actions of the followers of Marx who came out of the cold northeast. The picture was not pretty; nor were the conclusions as expressed in words of these same offi-

cers unprofane. Yet, when it came to a judgment about the system on which these strange people based their conduct, they were all in favor of the system even though they were in violent opposition to that which was the logical outcome of the system.

But this phenomenon was in evidence not only among the officers of our army. If it were, the charge could easily be quashed on the score that such officers were not bright. Many of them were not bright; certainly they were not educated even though they had spent long years in school. Unfortunately, the attitude or belief was and is evident among countless ordinary and otherwise sensible Americans who have everything to lose and nothing to gain by their support of Communism. Not in the papers and magazines (except in the parlor-pink and solid-red journals, of which this country has an abundance) do we find the accusation hurled that Catholics alone are the ones who are making our relations with the Communists difficult, but in the conversations and aside remarks of substantial citizens who should know better. Why are Catholics so opposed to Communism? That is the question that belabors non-Catholic minds.

It is high time, then, to clear the air — to give the reasons for this opposition. Any American who is worthy of the name should be willing to accept them as rational even though he does not care to follow them. There is much material to prove each reason

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if only the facts will be ferreted out and investigated. Catholic opposition comes under seven headings.

1. *Russian Communism denies the right to private property.*

2. *Russian Communism believes in the confiscation or at least the control of neighboring free and independent states.*

3. *Russian Communism has a history of bloodletting that is unsurpassed by any other nation in the past or in the present.*

4. *Russian Communism is maintained by a ruthless secret police and a system of concentration camps, unbelievable in their harshness and cruelty.*

5. *Russian Communism is engaged in constant meddling in the affairs of countries far removed from the borders of Russia.*

6. *Russian Communism is anti-God and therefore antimoral or immoral.*

7. *Russian Communism is an absolute dictatorship.*

■

1. *Russian Communism denies the right to private property.*

Communism is a system which by its very nature cannot work. Property is a right of man as proper to him as his head or his heart. It is not a right ceded to him by a kind church or a generous state, by Comrade Stalin or President Truman. Yet, the Communist philosophy has for its very first principle the removal of private property from the individual. A document recently found in Russian-occupied Germany contained these objectives: "Soon there will not be any privately owned companies in the Soviet zone of Germany. All the large companies, even the medium-sized ones, will have to revert to community ownership.

When the job of communizing the Soviet zone is completed we shall devote ourselves to other zones." A decree like that is the same as one which would command that every man in the Soviet zone give up one leg to the state; or better still, as though the state were to come along and take away from every man a leg in the interest of all the men of the state. It would not cause much greater unhappiness and unrest than will be caused by the removal of all private property for which a man slaved and toiled, and which is almost as close and necessary to him as his leg.

How can the Soviets do things like the above in view of the failure of the system in their own country? The history of Russia since the first days of the Red revolution should prove the impracticability of a propertyless people. Conditions had become so bad, and the morale of the citizens so low through twenty years of confiscation and collectivization that a modified capitalism was introduced to save the country from revolution and collapse. Wages were again paid and on an uneven scale too, just as in countries that recognized not only the right of possessions but the right of some men, by dint of labor and talent, to have more possessions than other men. Communism was on the verge of proving itself an absolute failure, not by argument or logic, but by a practical denial of one of the rights which is absolutely necessary if the state is to survive.

And then came the attack of the Germans and the subsequent victory of the Russians. When a man has upon him the apparent signs of death, a doctor can sometimes bring him back to life by injecting adrenalin

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into his veins. So it was with Communism. It was about to die, indeed, it had upon it the signs of death. But victory was the adrenalin that gave it a new, if only temporary, lease on life. The attention of the people was withdrawn from the contradictions of the system and pointed to the heroic defense of Stalingrad and the courageous attack on Berlin. Thus, that which might have died within a few years will now continue to rob the people of the fruits of their labor for a period that no man can justly estimate.

2. *Russian Communism believes in the confiscation or at least the control of neighboring free and independent states.*

In spite of the fact that no one is allowed to inspect the countries that border Russia except for a few journalists who are always accompanied by a Soviet officer or who at least have a Soviet officer near at hand in case there are questions to be answered, it is common knowledge that these countries are just as certainly under Russian domination as they would be if they were actually a part of Russia. Such a thing cannot be kept a secret any more than the concentration camps of Germany could be kept from the people. Poland is a puppet state, and so is Yugoslavia. Rumania is not free, and neither is Bulgaria. Manchuria is overrun and so is Iran, and nobody believes the Russians when they say the opposite is true. In none of these places is there a free ballot; neither is there freedom. But there are all the restrictions, the checks, the persecutions and the slavery that can be found in Russia. The Vatican is in a position to have more information about quarantined countries than anybody else; and the Vatican says

that the above statements are true.

How can an American who risked his life to defend freedom, not only of his own people but of all people, praise a system that has no time for freedom? How can an American who has enjoyed freedom from the moment of his birth have no sympathy for those who have no freedom? And if he sympathizes with the slaves, he must condemn the ones who create the slaves. There is no greater baffoonery in all the world than the free American making a great noise about little, helpless Spain, and making no noise about land-grabbing, powerful Russia.

3. *Russian Communism has a history of bloodletting that is unsurpassed by any other nation in the past or in the present.*

To retell the story of the executions, beatings, exilings, and misery making of the Reds from the very moment they came to power until the present day is like shooting a man after he is dead. The world knows all about it; at least the world should investigate the rumors of it before blowing a trumpet in favor of one nation that breeds on blood, and blowing a like trumpet in condemnation of another nation that began to breed on blood.

It is no exaggeration to say that millions of people have died in Russia whose only crime was the use of free speech (a right beloved of Americans) in speaking against the government. There was no trial, no sifting out of facts—merely sudden and summary execution. Countless names could be given here, if space allowed, of men and women who died in that fashion. Their relatives were not informed of the charges or of the sentence; nor were the victims given any chance to

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defend themselves legally or physically. It was a case of a man being sent out with a gun to "get" somebody who a certain party thought should be "got."

This is the Soviet mind, and the temper of that mind is brought out in no place more clearly than in Nuremberg at the trial of the big-time Nazis. The Russians are a part of that trial; they are supposed to help in acquitting or finding guilty the accused men. But they are impatient. They are not interested in acquittals. What they can't understand is, all this puttering around, all this calling in witnesses, all this delay in building a gallows and getting on with the work. As one reporter put it in his dispatch to an American paper, the Communists are quite amused with the ways of justice as practiced by the Western powers. They have a better system. At least it is faster in its results.

4. *Russian Communism is maintained by a ruthless secret police and a system of concentration camps, unbelievable in their harshness and cruelty.*

Father Edmund A. Walsh, who spent some years in Russia before World War II, has this to say about the secret police: "A paralyzing panic comes when the G.P.U. strikes near home. The blows usually fall at night; for the vast majority of victims there is no trial, no attorney, but only some solitary cellar, the sound of a shot, and eternal silence. Relatives learn of the fate of husbands, sons, and brothers from the morning newspapers; the bodies are disposed of in unknown ways, and the G.P.U. sits down in its headquarters to draw up its list for the following night."

According to a man named Knicker-

bocker, an American journalist who toured Russia in the early 30's, the Bolshevik liberators of the proletariat from the tyrannies of Czardom have uprooted 3,000,000 Russian peasants in the first two years of the Five-Year Plan and banished them to penal servitude somewhere. From that time until now the number has grown steadily until the word "Siberia" has become synonymous with all that is terrible and terrifying. Most of the men and women who are taken there do not return; nothing is ever heard of them again, either by their relatives or by the outside world. And generally, their only crimes are political crimes — nonagreement with the State. How Americans can tolerate this condition with complacency, indeed, how they can even praise the men who are causing it; and at the same time how they can weep and moan over the identical situation in another country and set up expensive courts to punish the individuals who brought it about, are mysteries that only an angel can explain.

5. *Russian Communism is engaged in constant meddling in the affairs of countries far removed from the borders of Russia.*

Every American knows what went on in Canada during the past few months in the way of spying on the part of the Russians; every American knows what is going on in the United States right now as a result of orders from Moscow. It doesn't make any difference whether the people involved are Canadians or citizens of the United States — the program they are following has come from and is sponsored by the Kremlin. The present Soviet slogan is the one used by Lincoln in referring to the problem of

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slavery. While Lincoln said that a country cannot be half slave and half free, the Soviets are saying that the world cannot be half Communist and half capitalist. And so it is their avowed purpose to make all the world Communist.

But the classic example of meddling in the affairs of other far-removed States is that which concerns Spain. It is difficult to find an American who will talk reasonably of the Spanish question. Immediately the word "fascist" is brought into the conversation, which is precisely the Communistic party line. Anyone who does not agree with Stalin and his comrades is a fascist. And Americans, supposedly so educated and well informed, are taken in completely by the distortion of facts through the medium of a word that is an accusation. In a recent radio program a long-haired professor from the university of Wisconsin gave a dissertation on the evils of Spain. When someone asked him what he meant by fascism, he did the finest job of fumbling that has ever been seen in either league. He did not know what fascism was, but whatever it was, it was bad; and naturally Spain was mixed up in it.

A hundred books have been written proving that Russian Communism had all but taken over Spain before the civil war began in that benighted country. A hundred books have been written proving that the Russian Communists were the main support of the so-called Republicans during the civil war. And everybody who wants to know knows that the only ones pushing the constantly recurring demands for an investigation of Franco's government are either Russian Communists, sitting in the

U.N.O. conferences, or fellow travelers like the former members of the beautifully named Abraham Lincoln Brigade. And Americans who are in no way pink are taken in by the party line as though they were docile and sheeplike Communists themselves.

6. *Russian Communism is anti-God, and therefore antimoral or immoral.*

A promise was given by all the members of the United Nations to get out of certain small nations by a definite date. Who did not keep their promise? The Communists. The small nation was Iran. But why should they keep their promise? Not only are they indifferent to God; they are opposed to God. And all morality hinges on an acceptance of the existence of God. There was a time when a Russian aviator would take his airplane into the sky in an effort to find God. He would roam the heavens, his finger on the trigger of his machine gun. If he found God, he was going to shoot Him and thus destroy Him forever. After expending nearly all his gasoline and still failing in his search for God, he would return to the earth and tell the people that there wasn't any God up there, for he searched out every corner of the sky and found only emptiness. This was supposed to be part of the atheistic campaign which was promoted by the government.

Among no peoples in modern times have so many priests and nuns been tortured and killed as among the Russians. Churches have been closed, destroyed, or turned into museums. Bishops and archbishops have been exiled or liquidated. Positive religion has not been able to function unless it made itself a tool of the State. While we were in Germany with the army, an old lady came to us and

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begged us to permit her to remain where she was, and not to send her back to Russia, which was her native country. Her husband and her sons, she said, had been sent to Siberia. The priests in the town had all been taken away. Now she was old and knew that soon she would die. If she were sent back to Russia, she was certain that she would die without priest or sacraments. Thus it was in Spain during the Soviet occupation; thus it is now in Poland, Ruthenia, and countless other "protected" countries. "Religion is the opium of the people" is a Soviet slogan.

7. *Russian Communism is an absolute dictatorship.*

This statement needs no proof. There is no freedom of any kind in Russia. Above all there is no freedom in the choice of leaders. The vote is eyewash; it is a joke; it means even less than does the vote in Mexico. But a bigger joke is the above-mentioned professor from the university of Wisconsin who publicly and over the radio announced that Russia is one of the democratic nations of the world.

These, then, are the reasons for the opposition of the Catholic Church to Communism. She is not opposed to Russia merely because the Russians for the most part have a religion different from her own. The English have a religion different from her own; and so have the Norwegians and the Chinamen. She opposes Communism because she knows from her experience as well as from divine guidance that it is unnatural, indeed diabolic, in its very constitution; and that its wage is death to all that is good and worthwhile in life. There was a time when she withstood the Huns and the Vandals, when she blocked the onward rush of the Turks, when she thundered against the ravages of the Nazis. And the world always came to recognize, sometimes too late, that she was right. It is no new experience for her to raise her voice against the sinister evil, this time called Communism. The prayer of right thinking men should be that she be not heard too late.

Patience

In the third century there were two brethren, monks, that lived together in a cell, whose humility and patience were the praise of many, even from among the Fathers. A certain saintly man, hearing of them, wished to prove if their humility was sincere and perfect: so he came to visit them. They welcomed him joyfully and when the wonted prayers and psalms were ended, he went out of doors and saw a little garden where they grew their vegetables. And he caught up a stick, and set to with all his might to beat and break down the herbs, till not one was left. The brothers saw him but said not a word, nor were their faces vexed or downcast. He came again into the cell, and when Vespers was said, they bowed before him, saying: "If you will suffer it, master, we shall go and cook and eat the cabbage that is left, because this is the time that we have our meal." Then the old man bowed before them, saying: "I thank my God for that I see the Holy Ghost rest upon you: and I exhort you, brothers beloved, that ye keep to the end this virtue of holy humility and patience, for it shall be your greatness and glory in heaven in the sight of God."—*Sayings of The Desert Fathers*, translated by Helen Waddell.



Three Minute Instruction

On Sponsors at Baptism

The Catholic Church prescribes that for every person being baptized there must be at least one sponsor, and there may be at most two, in which case they must be of different sexes. It is the duty of sponsors to retain throughout life an interest in the spiritual welfare of the godchild, and if need or opportunity arises, to offer, to the best of their ability, the spiritual help that is needed. The following rules governing the choice of sponsors have been made:

1. Only they can be *valid* sponsors at a baptism: (a) who are baptized, who have the use of reason, and who accept the office of sponsor; (b) who do not belong to a heretical or schismatic sect (hence a Protestant cannot be a valid sponsor at a Catholic baptism) and who have not been explicitly excommunicated by the Church; (c) who are not the father or mother or spouse of the one being baptized; (d) who are designated by the parents or guardians of the child, or at least by the baptizing priest; (e) who, during the act of baptizing, either personally or through a proxy, actually touch or hold the one being baptized.

2. Only they can be *licit* sponsors at baptism (this means that it would be a sin for parents to choose as sponsor someone prohibited by one or more of the following rules, and also for one thus prohibited to act as sponsor): (a) who have reached their fourteenth year, unless the baptizing priest makes an exception for a good reason; (b) who are not under excommunication for a public crime nor known to be living a scandalous life; (c) who know the rudiments of their faith; (d) who are not novices or professed members of a religious order or congregation, unless there be some necessity for them to become sponsors and they have the permission at least of their immediate superiors; (e) who are not in holy orders, unless they have the express permission of their bishop.

They who become valid sponsors for persons being baptized contract spiritual relationship with them which is an invalidating impediment to marriage. Sponsors do not incur spiritual relationship who stand up for a person after private baptism has been conferred and only during the adding of the ceremonies of the Church; neither do they enter spiritual relationship with the baptized who stand up for them only during a conditional baptism.

My Muchacho

Personal memories of a faraway world, and of simple people who find happiness easily.

L. G. Miller

WE WERE wrestling with our bedding rolls on the first evening of our landing in the Philippines when Justino di Monáhan first put in an appearance. He was a slim Filipino boy with coal black hair and flashing white teeth, and he would be oh! so happy to work for the great liberators of his country, the so wonderful Americans.

Justino, or "Just" as his friends called him, seemed to have an honest face, so we hired him on the spot as our "muchacho" or boy-of-all-work. We had landed on a corner of southwestern Luzon, and it was still a source of pleasure to hear the people profess their willingness to help us, after the isolation of New Guinea.

"Just" pitched in immediately; he was a good worker. Every morning he straightened out our blankets and put our belongings in order. He brought fresh water for us from a near-by spring, a steel helmet full for washing and a canteen full for drinking, and being very quick with his hands he made us little mats woven out of strips of bamboo as well as various simple stands and racks for our tent.

We were four officers in our tent, and for the extra little favors he did for us Just would accept no reimbursement over and above his regular weekly salary. He was, indeed, like most Filipinos, very proud and sensitive, and if we wanted to do anything for him the matter had to be approached diplomatically.

"Just," one of my tentmates said

to him one day, "I have an extra pair of shoes here. Would you like to try them on?"

Just flushed with pleasure and nodded his head.

"I have no shoes now for two years," he said.

We looked at Just's feet, and then at the shoes, and glanced at each other in doubt. The boy's feet were very wide; it was as if through much walking they had spread out on all sides. But Just squeezed on the gift shoes and went on his way happy as a lark. Next day, however, he appeared barefooted again and limping.

"Shoes very small," he said apologetically in answer to our questions, "but very good shoes," he added hastily. "I will wear them on Sundays to go to Mass." Inasmuch as he had to walk some three miles each Sunday to the church, this would entail considerable penance. But he was willing to accept the hardship cheerfully rather than hurt our feelings by refusing the gift.

Just was a quiet boy, who spoke English haltingly, did his work efficiently, and when he had finished, vanished silently from our presence. His sister Scholastica, or Essie, on the other hand, was very talkative. Essie also appeared on the first day looking for work, and we promptly engaged her as our laundress. Two or three times a week she would come to our area from her home a short distance away to pick up our dirty clothes. Essie was a pretty girl, slim and dark; she had several gold teeth in positions

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of prominence in her mouth according to Filipino custom. She was always accompanied by her mother, since well-bred Filipino girls in the provinces would never think of going anywhere (particularly into an army camp) by themselves. The two would stand just beyond our cluster of tents and call out:

"Cap-tayne White! Dirrty clothes!"

The clothes were washed in a nearby creek, where they were spread out on a flat rock and beaten with sticks. This process certainly loosened the dirt but it was hard on the fabrics. We used to beg Essie to take it easy, but on going past the stream, we always saw two or three dozen women flailing away gaily at our shirts and trousers.

Essie gave us some details about her family. She was married to a man named Pablo, and lived with her husband in the home of her parents along with just and six or seven smaller children. Her husband Pablo worked in the rice fields, and we later were able to recognize him as he guided the plow behind his *carabao* in a large field close to our camp. These rice fields are flooded with water until the mud is as deep as a man's hips. All day long during the planting time Pablo would scrunch through the mud, while the patient *carabao*, with head moving from side to side, seemed almost to be swimming as it pulled the plow from one end of the field to the other. Pablo and Essie were a fine couple; they were not married long, and seemed wonderfully suited to each other.

A cousin of the di Monáhans worked for us also; this was Pablo di Guia. Pablo was a remarkably intelligent lad. He spoke English with a

facility above the average, and had considerable ambition. He had a great liking for the Americans, and wanted very badly to visit the States and even settle down there. But Pablo had another ambition, and that was to become a priest. When I questioned him about this, he said it was a lifelong dream of his, and he was only waiting for the seminary, destroyed by the enemy, to reopen before making application for entrance.

"I have a brother a doctor, another brother an engineer, and I will become a priest," Pablo said. This struck me as a rather curious circumstance until I learned that in many Filipino families of some means this triangle of professional activity is considered quite desirable. I told Pablo that he ought to have other motives for entering the priesthood besides the desire to round out the cycle, and he professed to have them.

In the chapel which was constructed for the unit during our stay in Batangas we employed the services of Eloy. Eloy was an older man, married and with three children, and his duties consisted of keeping the chapel clean and watching over things in my absence. He had had very little schooling, and thus from the start there was a considerable language barrier between us. Since he spoke and understood only *Tagalog*, our conversation frequently was at cross purposes.

"Eloy," I would say. "Today you bring flowers to put on altar."

"Yes, Faddaire," Eloy would say, nodding his head vigorously. Then he would seize a broom and begin sweeping vigorously.

"No, no, Eloy. You just finished sweeping the place. Flowers! Flowers!" Sometimes I succeeded in making

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myself understood, sometimes not. Eloy was a faithful worker, but it was disconcerting to have him sit when not working on a little box in the corner of my tent with folded arms gazing at me with unwavering intensity. However, I learned to endure this patiently, for when I did send him outside on one or two occasions, he disappeared entirely for a long period of time. He apparently thought I was sending him on some mission, but since he always returned complacently, he must have accomplished it, whatever it was, successfully.

Eloy lived close by in the same community with Just and Pablo; it was the little *barrio* of *Bolo*. When it came to be time for the annual *fiesta*, nothing would do but that I accompany him to his house for dinner. It was a Sunday afternoon, and as we walked along the path under the green trees and between the rows of small houses made of thatched bamboo, we noticed that every home was decorated with strips of colored paper and elaborately constructed stars and bells. There were hundreds of people living in this little village tucked away in the hills, and all of them were out today dressed in their very best clothes for the *fiesta*.

The *fiesta*, it should be explained, is held each year on the feast of the patron saint of the village. It has both a religious and social significance. In the morning the parish priest comes out from the city and says Mass in a little bamboo chapel specially constructed for the occasion. He then takes care of the baptisms and marriages which have accumulated during the year, a task which takes up most of the morning. In the afternoon and

evening the festivities take on the aspect of a carnival. The *barrio* throws open its doors to visitors from far and near. You can walk into any dwelling and be welcome to partake of whatever they have.

We pushed our way through the throngs of people, and finally Eloy stood aside and with a lordly gesture showed me into his dwelling. It was a thatched house, raised on stilts like all the rest, and consisting of three small rooms. There were about 15 or 20 people there, and I was immediately ushered to the table and seated there, while Eloy's wife, carrying a baby on one arm, brought in my supper. This consisted of the usual fare: rice patties wrapped in banana leaves and dripping with coconut oil, fresh papaya, fried eggs and chicken, with a demitasse of very thick and sweet chocolate.

The family of Eloy gathered around me expectantly while I gazed in some dismay at this spread. They would not eat with me; that would be an unforgivable breach of hospitality. But they seemed to enjoy every mouthful that I took much more than I did; one young matron nursing her baby directly across the table practically squealed with delight as I plied my fork with growing embarrassment.

When the meal was finished, Eloy suggested that we proceed to a neighboring house where the patron was at the moment reposing. The significance of this statement was lost on me until we arrived at the place, which was literally thronged with people. There on a cushion in the front room lay a black cross, a very ancient cross, it was apparent; there were candles burning on both sides, and a few women were kneeling by

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in reverent prayer. This was the patron, the *mahat na poon*. I had seen it carried along the street preceded by a boy ringing a bell, but had never observed it at close range. One of the men told me that it was very old, going back several centuries to the time of the early Spanish settlers. It contained a relic of the true cross, and was kept in the parish church of Bauan; whenever one of the surrounding *barrios* had a *fiesta*, it was brought to the place with pomp and splendor, while the leading citizens of the place vied with one another for the privilege of keeping it in their homes for a short while. There were deep grooves in the wood, caused by the millions of worshipers who had kissed this symbol of their redemption in reverence and piety.

We sat in the room for a while watching the people come and go, and one of the men of the house offered me a small cup of coffee and a tumbler full of innocent-looking colorless liquid. I had experienced this liquid before; it was the distilled juice of the coconut, and I only touched my lips to it. Take a full swallow of the stuff, and it is as if you had filled your gullet with molten steel. Some of the GI's professed great fondness for it; their only complaint was that it brought them to the verge of insensibility too rapidly. Like a

torpedo attack upon a ship, there was no warning, and hence the stuff was referred to as "torpedo juice."

Eloy with great courtesy escorted me back to the camp. Along the path the games of chance had been set up, and the gamblers were piling up their *centavos* and rattling their dice. Preparations were being made for the procession which would be the high point of the day. In the dusk of evening hundreds of people would be on the road, carrying lighted tapers and singing hymns to the accompaniment of a brass band, which all day had been banging away in the *barrio*. There would be a king and queen of the *fiesta*, beautifully attired and escorted by numerous bridesmaids and flower girls looking like angels in their filmy lace and with their clear, innocent gaze. The *mahat na poon* would be carried on the backs of the proud young men, and there would be speeches and more singing and more banging by the band far into the night.

When Eloy brought me to my tent, clasped my hand, and then turned away toward home, I looked after him with a little envy. We know such simple and full happiness as his when we are children. What happens that when we reach maturity we find that somewhere along the way it has been lost?

Last Resort

Two shipwrecked sailors were on a raft in mid-ocean, with little chance of rescue, and one of them finally said to the other:

"Say, Bill, can you say a prayer?"

"No, Jack, I don't know any prayers."

"Can you sing a hymn?"

"No, I don't know any hymns."

"Neither do I, Bill."

Silence for a while, then the first sailor spoke up again:

"I say, Bill, we've got to do something. Let's take up a collection."



Test of Character (38)

On Being Suspicious

L. M. Merrill

A trait that makes some people very unpleasant companions and even acquaintances is that of being inclined or habituated to suspect evil of others in almost any circumstances. Suspicion, in this connection, may be defined as an opinion, not too well grounded, or grounded in false assumptions, that another has an evil motive or an evil purpose in a certain line of conduct. The suspicious person has a cast of mind that always concentrates on such possible motives or purposes; he has somehow adopted the general assumption that everybody must be deemed guilty of evil until he has proved himself to be innocent; and worst of all, he must always give expression to his suspicions, thus hoping to make others share them with him.

There are different fields in which suspicions may run wild. Some suspicious persons confine their bad habit to one field; others are suspicious in every field of human conduct. Here are some of the different fields.

1. Some are suspicious of everything, without exception, that pertains to politics or statesmanship. They are either men and women of no party, because to them every politician in any party is suspect, or they are men and women of one party to whom every thought, word, and action of the opposing party is suspect. Stories of noble, unselfish civic action on the part of anyone in public office, at least of anyone not of their party, provoke immediate scorn, slander, and mudslinging. They operate on the false premise that all politicians, surely all of an opposing party, are selfish, venal, corrupt strivers after power.

2. Some are suspicious of everything that pertains to business and economic relations. The difficulties between capital and labor have made many persons, both on the side of capital and labor, unreasonably suspicious. Some capitalists permit themselves to see nothing but Communism and racketeering in the activities and aims of any labor group; some laboring men suspect all capitalists of a secret desire to ruin them. Moreover avaricious men are usually suspicious men; they suspect everybody that approaches them on any matter of trying to get hold of some of their money.

3. Some people spoil all the relationships of their private lives by foolish suspicions. Such are husbands who are constantly indulging suspicions about their wives, and vice versa; parents who without sufficient reason are suspicious of their children; friends who suspect their friends of talking about them behind their backs or of pursuing, through friendship, some personal interest.

The habit of being suspicious is not only destructive of all friendship and of the joys of social life; it makes peace of heart all but impossible. The only cure is to acquire the habit of suppressing ungrounded suspicions that come to the mind; of following the practice of accepting people to be good unless they objectively prove themselves to be bad; to learn to forgive those individuals who are guilty of evil conduct in any form.

Dialogue With Child

A topic of general interest reduced to its simplest language and basic truths.

L. F. Hyland

DADDY, there are two great big words here that I don't understand.

Is that so? What page of the paper are you trying to read?

This one.

Oh, that's the editorial page. Child, how many times do I have to tell you that you shouldn't try to read that page of the paper?

But, Daddy, this page has always got some funny pictures on it. And I don't try to read the little print; I just look at the big print. And see, these two words are right here in big black letters. Ju — ju — ju — something.

Sure. That's the title of an editorial. The words are "juvenile delinquency." Now go on and read the funnies.

But aren't you going to tell me what ju — jun — eye — linconcy is?

The words are ju-ve-nile de-lin-quen-cy. Get that?

Yes, Daddy. Do I have to say it?

No, not necessarily. We could probably think up a couple of easier words to use. However, it is not a subject that you need worry your head about now, if you keep on doing what your mother and I tell you to do.

But I want to know some easy words that mean the same thing.

Well, let's see. Adolescent criminality — that won't do.

No. I don't know what that is either.

Be patient, and let me think. Juvenile delinquency is badness on the part of boys and girls. It's when a great many boys and girls are doing wrong and sinful things — lying, stealing, breaking windows, staying out

late at night, and other things like that.

But have we got that now?

Alas, yes. The papers are full of it.

You mean there are lots of boys and girls who are stealing and breaking windows?

Enough to make quite a problem. Enough to keep the police officers and truant officers busy.

But haven't such boys and girls got any mothers and fathers?

Yes, most of them have. But they are mothers and fathers who don't care what their boys and girls do.

Why don't they care?

Oh, I guess I shouldn't say they don't care. They care enough to get all excited when they find that their children have gone wrong. They cry and complain and carry on and they always blame somebody else, like the school or the bad companions of their children. But the whole trouble is that they don't care enough about their children to do the things that they themselves should do to keep them out of mischief. They are too interested in something else.

What are they interested in?

Some of them are interested mostly in money. Some mothers, for instance, go out into a factory or an office and get a job. They are not satisfied with the money their husbands make. They want more. So they have to get up early, and they rush off to work, and they come home all tired out in the evening. They don't have much time to teach their children how to be good.

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But don't they ever tell their children not to lie and steal and break windows?

Oh, I suppose they do. But it takes more than just *telling* to keep boys and girls good. Does your mother just tell you not to steal?

Oh, no. She tells me stories about stealing and everything.

And does she ever tell you why you shouldn't steal?

Oh, yes. She says it's because stealing is a sin, and a sin is what made Jesus suffer so much on the cross.

And does your mother ever let you out of her sight, except when you are in school or with me?

She lets me go to the store for her sometimes.

But you have to come right home, don't you?

Yes.

See, that's what I mean. If mothers don't have time to tell stories to their children, and to tell them why to be good, and to watch over them all day long, then the children learn how to do bad things.

Is that the only reason why mothers and fathers don't take care of their children — because they want more money?

No. Some don't teach their children how to be good because all they want is to have a good time themselves. They spend most of their time playing golf, going to parties, taking long trips, and things like that. They are too busy doing all these things to teach their children, so they hire servants to do that, or they let the children live in the streets and do as they please.

But don't all boys and girls go to school and don't they learn there how to be good?

The best school in the world can't make up for a mother and father. You'll find that out as you grow older. There's a story in tonight's paper about a gang of boys who got caught stealing automobiles who went to the best school in the city.

What happens to boys like that?

Many things happen. Sooner or later all of them get caught doing something bad. If they get caught just once, sometimes their mothers and fathers plead with the police to let them off, and sometimes the police do let them off. But they are placed on the bad list just the same.

What's that?

That's a list of names the police have of boys and girls who have got into trouble once, and are probably going to get into trouble again. If your name is on that list, the police have to keep an eye on you.

But suppose a boy that's on the list does something wrong again, what happens then?

Pretty soon that boy will be put in the reform school.

What's the reform school?

It's kind of prison for bad boys or girls. There are people there who have to watch them all the time. They can't get out of there for a year, maybe two years, maybe even more.

Not even to come home?

No, not even to come home, because usually boys and girls that are put in the reform school don't have a good home or a good mother and father to come to. The police can't trust them to be good at home.

Do you know what I think, Daddy? Couldn't guess.

I think boys and girls wouldn't be bad if they had good mothers and fathers.

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And your thought is right on the beam, my son. In fact, you are way ahead of the sociologists.

What's a sosh — sosh — that's another big word, Daddy.

Well, for one thing, it's a person who studies all the reasons why people are bad and why they have to be put in jails.

Then the sosh — sosh —

So-ci-ol-o-gist.

Do I have to say it, Daddy?

No. Just call him X.

But he's the one that should know about fathers and mothers making their children bad, shouldn't he?

It would seem so, indeed. But the funny thing is that there are some sociologists who don't seem to get that point at all. In fact, there are some sociologists who make it even easier for mothers and fathers to neglect their children by teaching that it should be easy for them to get a divorce when they want one.

I know what a divorce is. It's when a mother and father don't want to stay in the same home any more. But why does that make them neglect their children?

Because a mother and father who think that they can leave one another for good whenever they feel like it don't have their heart in the work of training their children properly. They are the kind of people I told you about — who are more interested in other things than in their children. But that's not the worst thing.

What is the worst thing?

The worst thing is that hundreds of mothers and fathers really do get divorces, and when they do that, what happens to their children?

Then they don't have a mother or a father any more.

That's right. And people who get divorces usually want to try to marry somebody else, don't they?

Yes, you told me that. But they can't really marry somebody else because you told me that if you are married once, you are married for life and you can't get out of it by making believe that you are marrying somebody else.

Splendid! You learned that lesson well, my son. But just suppose they do pretend to marry somebody else, then their boys and girls have got a new mother or father, haven't they?

Yes, but not a good mother or father.

You mean you don't think that a stranger can come into a home and be a good mother and father to boys and girls whose first and real one went away?

I don't want you or mamma to go away, and I don't want any new mother or father. I want you.

I guess you've hit it off pretty well. That's just about how most children feel. And you can see from that why so many of them go wrong when their mothers and fathers get divorces. They'd rather be on the streets with all kinds of bad companions than at home.

I'd rather be home than any place, Daddy.

That's what I like to hear, son. That's the way your mother and I want you to be.

And I don't want to do anything bad and get on the bad list that the police have.

Neither do we want you to get on that list, son, and we're going to do everything in our power to prevent it.

And I don't want to ever go to any old reform school.

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And you'll never have to, because
you'll always have a good mother and
father to take care of you, and to
teach you how to be good, and to
make you love your home.

I'm tired, Daddy.
No wonder. You've been doing
some heavy thinking. And it's past
your bedtime.
Good night, Daddy.

Bread Upon Water

Shall we who in our riches

Stand alone

To those who beg for bread

Reach but a stone?

Shall we a serpent give

To those who plead

For help? Shall we be granite

To their bitter need?

If we but cast our crusted loaves

Upon the waters wide,

A thousand-fold they will return

And will abide.

Until the world is judged.

Then will the wheat

Of our brave giving once again be cast

Before our feet.

Then will the Judge of nations say to us,

In answer to our plea,

Whate'er you gave to one of these, my least,

You gave to Me.

—L. G. Miller

The Revolt of the Stones

A parable whose lesson is not hard for anyone to read.

E. F. Miller

ONCE upon a time the people of a certain village in a far-off country decided that they would build the greatest and the most splendid church to the honor and glory of God that the world had ever seen. A meeting was held in an open field, and each man, woman, and child promised to give two full days every week to the accomplishment of the plan; and so they did. The bishop himself came out, dressed in his scarlet robes, and over the robes an apron; and he helped in the mixing of the mortar and in the lifting of the heavy loads. The foundations were dug, and they went right down to the bowels of the earth, so tremendous was to be the edifice which was to stand on these foundations. It took a whole generation of time merely to finish this part of the work.

Then came the second generation, and the children were worthy of their fathers. Not only did they themselves labor even as they did who went before them, but they also called in the mightiest geniuses that could be found — geniuses in architecture, in painting, in carving, in sculpturing. These geniuses took the heavy stones that had been quarried from far and near and that literally had been carried on the backs of the people to the site of the cathedral, and worked on them as lovingly as they might have worked on an expensive watch or a ball of gold. They made them as smooth as glass and so perfect in size that they fit the place to which they were to go as a finger fits a man's hand or a tree

becomes one with the soil in which it is planted. They forgot to take their meals; they neglected to take their sleep; they refused to take their wages for the masterpieces they created. It was a labor of love, and God would be their reward.

The church slowly took shape, and rose higher and higher like arms reaching up to the sky in supplication. And more generations passed by — a hundred, two hundred years; and each generation did its share in making this monument one that would never die, one that would be the most massive and yet the most delicate that man had ever built. Truly did the world marvel at what it saw; for only angels should have been able to make so vast a dream become reality. The pagans, of which there were a few even in those days of faith, shook their heads and mumbled in their beards that there must be some mistake, that it could not be, that stones after all were only stones, and no man could make them otherwise. The ungodly stood aloof and said that it was the work of the devil, if there was a devil. But the good went on and knew that they were blessed by God in what they did.

What a gorgeous setting this church would be for divine service! The stones that formed the body of the building were so skillfully cut and so expertly chiseled that they were in some ways more perfect than the men who had made them what they were. They were surely more durable than the bodies of the men who had made them what they were, for they were

almost immortal in their substance. Rains and snows and furious storms could beat upon them without so much as flaking their faces or bending their backs; and a thousand years hence they would still be as firm and strong as they were the day that they were laid. Nor did they need hats upon their tops or wraps about their sides to shield them from the bitter cold of winter. They were like the stars that live forever. And they were certainly more beautiful than the men who had made them what they were, for they resembled the bright spirits from on high not only in the form of their fashioning but also in the preciousness of their material; babies might be admired by proud mothers, and women toasted by the world as fine beauties, but their beauty was only a relative matter, that is, something considered extraordinary in so far as it compared with something else. And oftentimes the stones in the church were the norm of the comparison.

Now, it must be remembered that not all the stones were of the same size and pattern; and that not all the stones fulfilled the complete function of their being merely by possessing and shedding the luster that was given to them by their masters. Each one had its own place in the cathedral, and only when it was firmly fitted into that place, with its partner next to it, did it acquire the characteristics of permanence and splendor that were so remarkable; or only when it stood alone, balancing precariously on a corner or a ledge, solitary and regal, did it do its part in bringing out the grand result. The architects were wise enough men to figure this out; and that is why they spent so much time

on chipping off a bit here and cutting off a bit there of every single stone that was used. They knew that each one had to have a peculiar form and a special function. Otherwise the sameness in the format of the temple would make the labors of so many years vain and useless. And so, just the work of preparing the stones before anyone even thought of putting them in place in the foundations or the walls took years and years of intense concentration and deep thought.

Thus it was that the only logical place for one stone to be was alongside another; it needed the other for its completion. And it was the place of another stone to stand alone, with nothing on either side of it but the winds and the sky; accordingly it was carved uniquely as though it were the only thing of its kind in all the world. Some of the stones were made to go down into the ground, and like giants' shoulders to hold up the walls and the steeples. And the dirt of the earth was shoveled next to them to aid them in their task. A few of the stones were sent far up to the towers, and they were like dwarfs in comparison with the size of those on which they stood. Most of the stones, however, made up the walls; and they were all so much alike that they looked as though they were one big piece, dug out of the pit, and lifted by a thousand men into the proper place. That's how wonderfully well they were fashioned by the workers.

Well, the task finally was finished, and the hour was set for the first divine service. Oh, everybody was to be there: the mayor of the town and all the other officials who had been elected as the rulers. Of course, the bishop would be on hand, for he was

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the one who was to do the dedicating and the blessing; and he would be surrounded by his retinue of scribes and clerks and black-robed priests. But, above all, the poor and the little people would be there, the ones whose hardened hands had made this day possible, and whose faith had blotted out the disgrace of the poverty and the lowliness of the stable where Christ was born.

And then a strange thing happened. Strange things happened in those days more than they do now. Some great power came down on earth and breathed upon the stones that made up the church; mysteriously they were given the ability to think, to will, to move about like human beings. They looked upon themselves and the positions that they held. They stretched their limbs and felt their strength. The stones in the foundation cast the dirt from their eyes and tried to peer through the murky darkness to make out if possible who their next door neighbor was. But they could not see anything at all. They could only feel that they were fastened fast to someone as though by chains. And they did not like it. The stones far up in the steeple closed their eyes against the galelike winds that seemed never to stop blowing at so great a height, and tried to turn away their heads and lean upon their neighbor. But they had no neighbor on whom they could lean. In fact, the only neighbors that they had were above them or below them. They did not like it either. And the stones under the unending fields of red and blue and green stained glass opened their eyes and learned that they had been crowded so tightly under the ledge of the windows that they could not move an inch to right or left. They liked it least of all.

Then all the stones began to talk at once, just like people in the world who had been born with will and reason. And the burden of their first words was one of complaint. They were deeply disappointed in all that they beheld. Here they were, endowed with so many wonderful gifts, tossed about like toys, treated like clods, without a word to say about their destiny. The ones who made them and were less than they in many respects had all the power of decision as to where they would spend the next thousand or two thousand years. That would never do. It was their right to have at least something to say about it!

And so in a great commotion they began to shift about, muttering and condemning all the time, like some unruly mob that had been harshly treated by the government. The ponderous foundation stones pushed viciously at the dirt which surrounded them and looked for a new spot to which to move. Their chief contention was that they were not free. "Look," they said, "We are possibly the biggest things that puny man has ever carried from one place to another, bigger and better than our brothers in the pyramids. It is not fair that we should be tied up to another stone — no offense meant, of course — as though we were infants behind the bars of a crib, or criminals handcuffed to a policeman lest we escape. How can we assert ourselves and develop our personality so recently given to us if we must drag with us for a dozen centuries another stone as mammoth as ourselves? It is out of the question. We demand to be separated. And if our demand is not listened to, we shall effect the separation ourselves. Furthermore, it is not right that we should be hidden

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from view. The one who decided that we belonged below the ground did not know what he was doing. We say that our place is out in the open, up in the walls or alongside the doors, so that people from all over the world can see us and even write their names on our broad backs, and then go home and tell their friends that they beheld us on their tour. Finally, we don't like all this dirt around us. Polish us up, we say. Keep us clean and shining. All stones are created equal, and it's not fair that one stone should have all the dirt, and another, no dirt at all. Let's get out of here."

It took a pretty heavy wrench to separate themselves from the one to which they had been attached. The bishop himself had mixed and placed the cement, and it was well known that whatever he did, he did thoroughly. But they tugged and pulled and thrashed about; and at last they succeeded in breaking loose from their partners. But when they did effect the separation, they looked awfully naked and alone. Their size seemed to shrivel up and disappear. They were just another stone that you could find on any rock pile the world over.

While they were discussing whither they would go, and at the same time maligning roundly the architect who had placed them in the dirt, the stones up in the steeple were having a little convention of their own. Shivering in the wind, they shouted to one another that something would have to be done about their position at once. In the strict sense of the word they were not attached to anybody at all. Thus they had no protection from the cold; they had nobody to talk to; they had nobody to love them. What they wanted more than anything else was to find a spot in the building where they

would have a partner who would cuddle up to them so closely that no storm in the world could ever touch them again. They sensed what was going on down in the foundation, and they scoffed at the arguments that were being put forward by their larger relatives. "What have they to complain about?" they asked. "Why should they want to be separated from the one who has been cut just to their size? What will they do alone? It will be pretty hard to find another so perfectly adjusted to them, and it's a safe bet to make that they won't be long satisfied until they're looking for another stone that will suit them. They should know that there's nothing to that business of being free. Nobody is free, that is, really free. In fact, nobody wants to be free in the sense in which they say they want to be free. It has been proved that it's impossible. Take us for example. There's nothing that we crave more than to get rid of our freedom. We want to be slaves, slaves of the grand passion, of love, if you will, but slaves. We want somebody to lean on. It is not good to be alone. And then that foolishness about desiring to be seen. Simply rot! Like an elephant wanting to take up his residence in a china shop. Now, with us, it's different. The ones who carved us did a masterly job. We deserve to be seen because we have something to show. And who, pray tell, will ever crane his neck far enough to see us away up here near the clouds? We might just as well be behind the clouds, or far out in the middle of the desert as far as giving people a chance to appreciate real beauty is concerned. The only sensible thing to do is to get down from here as soon as we possibly can. Come on. Let's go."

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They looked around eagerly to find partners, something petite like themselves. And when they saw what they liked, they reached down ravenously and grabbed. No sooner had they done so when the cement which had been placed on their bottom side and which was not yet quite dry stuck to the object of their desires, and they could not break away. It was only then that they saw at close range what was theirs — a stone that was ugly and ragged and covered with bumps and scales. And now being united to it and not being able to separate, they lost their own beauty, and also became just another stone that you could find on any rock pile the world over.

Meanwhile the stones under the windows were all talking at once. As far as it could be made out, they were saying something like this: "We're neither fish nor flesh, standing here supporting all these windows on our backs. We're not free and we're not slaves. What are we then? Dupes, dopes, that's what we are. And if the architects think that they can get away with it, they're crazy. There are other methods of supporting windows if windows haven't enough sense to support themselves. Let them use the other methods; we've had enough, and we're getting out of here. Let's go."

And so they loosened their legs from the places where they had been firmly fixed, and shook from off their shoulders that which had been placed upon them. But then they did not know where to go, or what to do. Nobody wanted them, and they had no talent for filling another position. And so they got in the way, like rocks that lie in the middle of a road and which are kicked aside by those who come by. They, too, became just other

stones such as you could find on any rock pile the world over.

It went like that with all the stones of the whole church. None of them were satisfied with the place that was assigned to them. And their movements began so simultaneously that it almost seemed as though a signal had been given for their vast migration. But hardly had they made the first motion, taken the first step, as it were, when the impression was given that an earthquake had taken place. It started with a rumble, turned into a roar and ended with such a crash as could not have been heard since the Tower of Babel fell to the ground so many years before. Indeed, that is exactly what happened — the beautiful cathedral thundered to the ground, smashed in a million pieces. The dust ascended to the very sky and covered the whole village where the church had been built, so that many hours had to pass before it could be learned what had happened. No one ever found out how many innocent children and old men and women were killed; but the number was very great, for thousands had built their homes in the very shadow of the home that they had built for God.

Oh, it was a mistake, a terrible mistake. But like all major mistakes it was too late to do anything about it. The stones simply had not used their reason. And because they had not used their reason, their reason was taken away from them, and they became just stones again, as they had been in the beginning. There they lay on the ground, a jumbled mass of cracked and splintered fragments, as dead and dull and lifeless even as a man would be who had the misfortune to do the same thing that they

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had done—to move out from the place in life that his Maker had decreed that he should occupy.

It could not have been more than five minutes after the great calamity that the bishop of the place appeared on the scene. He was dressed this time only as a bishop dresses when he has some grand liturgical service to perform. On his head was the mitre and draped over his body the silken vestments that marked him as a successor of the apostles. He had come in order to dedicate and bless the church which was to be his cathedral and the mightiest temple in the whole of Christendom. In his hand was the crosier, the symbol of his authority.

He stood above the ruins, and for a moment he was silent. Then he raised his crosier and pointed. The architects who surrounded him knew what he meant. Calling the men and women who by the thousands were waiting near at hand (for this was to be their day of celebration), they ordered them to take the stones and throw them in the ditch. They would never be used again, for they were cracked and broken and indeed beyond redemption. The people came forward and did as they were told. They threw the stones in the ditch.

And in that same ditch those stones lie even to this day.

Champion vs. Hate

When St. Bernard heard that there was a plan afoot to persecute and massacre the Jews in the Germany of his time, he left his cloister and went up and down the country preaching charity and peace. He was so successful in his crusade that the persecution was warded off. A leading rabbi of Germany at the time wrote of this to his fellow Jews:

"Were it not for him, not one of us would be left alive in Germany." Thereupon he implored future generations of Jews never to forget the debt of gratitude they owed to St. Bernard, remembering his slogan:

"We are the soldiers of peace, we are the army of the peaceful, we fight for God and for peace."

Bonds

I bind to myself today:
The power of Heaven,
The light of the Sun,
The brightness of the Moon,
The splendor of Fire,
The flashing of Lightning,
The swiftness of Wind,
The depth of the Sea,
The firmness of Earth,
The hardness of Rock.

I bind to myself today:
God's power to guide me,
God's Might to uphold me,
God's Wisdom to teach me,
God's Eye to watch over me,
God's Ear to hear me,
God's Word to give me speech,
God's Hand to guide me.

from St. Patrick's Breastplate

Valid Reason

The temperance lecturer had reached the climax of his speech, and by way of illustration, he cried out:

"If I put a pail of whiskey and a pail of water before a hard-working donkey in the field, which would he take?"

"Water!" answered a voice from the audience.

"Ah! And why would he take the water?"

"Because he's a jackass."



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Willing Atonement

Someone has said that the saddest thing in the world is wasted pain. No pain ever permitted by God was meant to be wasted. Pain is too great a thing to be destined for futility by an all-wise God. Therefore there is always power in pain — potential fruitfulness and fertility. It is necessary only to remember that the world was redeemed by pain, and that He who redeemed it thus united His followers to Himself in an intimate way, so that their pain could go on being fruitful to the end of time.

For redemption is still needed by a large part of the world, and only by somebody's pain, united to the sufferings of Christ, will that redemption be effected. Consider, if you are a shut-in, all the human beings whose lives are directed by a blind and unyielding pride; who, having known God, recognize Him not as God; who hate submission to and dependence on and subordination under any authority — even that which has made and rules the world. Consider the poor, craven, restless victims of sensuality: how dead to all that is noble, how unsatisfied in all that is good, how gross and ugly is the mark of their sin upon them, and hopeless the future that is before them. Consider the slaves of avarice and greed: how they count only material treasures and permit atrophy to paralyze their souls; how they live in an imprisoning world of concern only for money; how they die clutching their possessions and then wake up to see that what they clung to was only dross and filth. Consider, too, the many thousands of ignorant persons who have yet stifled the only voice of God they had a chance to hear — their conscience, and who, therefore, shall be condemned, not because Christ was not preached to them in word, but because they stifled and silenced the voice with which God speaks to all mankind.

Redemption is indeed necessary for all such as these. And redemption will come to them only through suffering. If all Christian sufferers would only visualize the sinners that need them; would only think, when the body is racked with pain, or burning with fever, or restless with confinement, of the multitudes marching carefree down the wide and easy road that ends with eternal unhappiness; would say over and over in pain "O divine Redeemer, accept this suffering for some poor sinner in need of redemption," then there would be no wasted pain. All pain would be fruitful with multiple and copious redemption.



Side Glances

By the Bystander

There are two suggestions which we have to offer to the forward-looking thinkers and planners of the United States which, we think, would promote immeasurably the cause of good government in the land. The one is the establishment of schools for training in statesmanship and the duties of public office, and the other is the raising of compensation for public office so that it will more reasonably approach the income that men of varied talents can expect to attain in private business and professions. Both the suggestions must be taken together; one without the other would not solve the problems that at present hamper good government.

That there are problems, no one in his senses will deny. The very fact that in the public mind there is a kind of tolerant scorn for politics, and that one often hears it said that all politics are crooked (whether this be true or not), indicates that the art of statesmanship has fallen to a low degree. Moreover, apart from public opinion on the matter, it cannot be denied that from the lowest ranks of local and county officials, up through the highest federal offices, there can be found men supposed to be representing the best interests of the people, who do not know the difference between a right and a privilege and a duty. All that they have in their favor is some natural flair for vote getting; for the task of rightly exercising an office that votes get for them they have not the slightest background or education. It is actually pitiful, for example, to attend sessions of some state legislatures and to see in action the type of men who represent thousands of American citizens. It is tragic to read some of the speeches actually delivered in the halls of Congress.

It is strange that in a country that has cherished throughout its history a kind of worship of the power of education, and of specialized types of education, there should have been so constant and complete a neglect of education for public office. There are spe-

cialized schools for military training, specialized schools for business administration, specialized schools in advertising and public relations of business, but no schools that concentrate on training for leadership in a democracy. The result is that anybody can throw his hat in the ring for a public office, from that of county sheriff to that of United States Senator, and the fulfillment of his aspirations will not be hampered by any lack of fitness for the office but only by inability to win votes.

The schools we have in mind would be graduate schools, like those of medicine, law, and the other advanced professions. They would demand of their candidates a degree in liberal arts, so that there would be a background of general education into which specialized training could be fitted. They would concentrate on courses like the following: social ethics, dealing with the nature, purpose, and duties of the State, the rights and privileges and duties of the people, the responsibility and obligation of public officials; the history of governments, dealing with the right and wrong ways of ruling people as they appeared in the course of history; the complete hierarchical setup of public jurisdiction in America, from local village and county authorities up through state and federal positions of trust; the relations between executive, judicial, and legislative branches of government in all fields; a thorough course in economics, both as applied to the financial administration of a city, county, state, or federal department, and to the relations between capital and labor in private business; a course in public speaking and parliamentary law; and, for the still more advanced schools, courses in all the varied elements of international relations. It is true that courses like the above can be found and pursued in various universities already established; but few voters get to know what candidates for public office have taken them, how well they did in them, etc. And hundreds of candidates get by without the least

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bit of training in the important fields mentioned above.

With schools like the above, the public could be safeguarded against ignorance in its representatives, even though it would not necessarily be safeguarded against dishonesty. However, to be safeguarded against ignorance would be no small thing as elections go today. And it would be far easier to judge between candidates on the score of honesty if one could eliminate entirely the element of ignorance. If we had such schools of statesmanship, the scholastic record of a candidate for public office could be a publicly known matter, and his record of applying the principles learned in college could be quickly sifted. There can be no question that such schools would inspire talented young men of high principle to take up a career of public office, and their fitness would be so far above that of the machine politician who knows nothing but how to draw out the vote that the exercise of public authority would very quickly improve in a notable degree.

However, the establishment of special schools for training in public office would be useless unless the public awoke to the fact that it will never call forth the best brains to serve it in official capacities until it sees fit to pay decent salaries. Some of the highest offices in large cities and states at present pay their incumbents not more than \$5,000 a year. Men of talent and training know that as lawyers, physicians, business administrators, etc., they can easily earn double and triple that amount, and without the terrific expenses that politics demands of its devotees today. We do not believe it would be necessary to up the salaries of public officials to the colossal sums realized by popular movie actors or by the presidents and vice-presidents of business monopolies and national corporations. We do believe that salaries are far too low, for judges, district attorneys, mayors of large cities, state and federal representatives, and almost all other public offices to make them attractive to those who

could be of the highest service to the people. During the war the Federal Government itself admitted this by calling into action for the emergency men whom it called "dollar a year" men. It was so impossible to recompense them in any way commensurate with what they had been making in private business that a joke was made of their salary from the government. And surely it was significant that just as soon as the emergency was over these men dropped all connection with the government and rushed back to their private business, leaving the field to the hacks and second raters who would be satisfied with a governmental pittance for the best service they could render. If we honestly believe in promoting private enterprise and the profit motive in business, we should offer a somewhat comparable motive to the men who are to give their lives to the service of the people.

Certainly the carrying out of these two suggestions would go far toward eliminating graft and corruption from both elections and the administration of offices. It has been said that to go out for public office today one must either be a rich man in his own right or ready to shake down the public in one way or another to keep financially solvent. That is because it is so unimportant to have any specialized training for public office, and because most offices do not pay enough to make it possible for one vote seeker to compete with another. Education for politics would put the whole business of elections on a higher plane, and decent salaries for public officials would destroy much of the argument for using public money to recoup investments in electioneering. Democracy means the rule of the people, for the people, and by the people, through representative public officials. We submit that much of governmental rule in America today is not truly representative because its personnel doesn't know what that means, and because men who do know what it means do not consider it a worth-while career.

Audience Appeal

"There are three kinds of pride," said Dean Swift in one of his sermons, "Pride of birth, pride of riches, and pride of talent." Then he paused and looked over the congregation. "Today we will treat only of the first two. There is no need for my present audience to worry about the third."



Catholic Anecdotes

Kind Words

Dom Chautard relates in his book "The Soul of the Apostolate" that a prominent layman told him how one day in the presence of Pope Pius X he had let fall some bitter words against an enemy of the Church. The Pope answered him thus:

"My son, I do not approve of your words. For your penance, listen to this story. A priest well known to me arrived at his first parish. He thought it his duty to visit every family in the district. Jews, Protestants, Freemasons, were not excluded and he announced from the pulpit that each year he would renew his visit.

"Great excitement was caused among his confreres, who complained to the bishop. The latter immediately sent for the culprit and gave him a reprimand.

"My Lord," the parish priest answered modestly, 'the Saviour in the Gospel orders the shepherd to bring into the fold all his sheep. How can I succeed in this without going to look for them? Besides, I never compromise on principles; I limit myself to showing my interest and clarity to all the souls that God has entrusted to me, even to those who are gone astray. I have announced these visits from the pulpit. If it is your formal desire that I give them up, kindly put it in writing for me so that people may know that I am only obeying your orders.'

"Moved by the justice of the appeal, the bishop did not insist. The future

proved the priest to be right, for he had the joy of converting some of those lost sheep and he inspired the others with respect for our holy religion.

"That priest has become, by the will of God, the pope who is giving you, my son, this lesson in charity. Be steadfast in principle, but let your charity extend to all men, even to the enemies of religion."

A Devil to Beware

The devil, so the story goes, was having a council of war with some of his leading fellow citizens of hell. The question was being discussed as to who should be sent on a special mission to earth to increase, if possible, the quota of human souls for hell. After considerable discussion, one of the devils spoke up:

"Send me," he said. "I will tell them there is no God, and if I can convince them, many souls will be lost."

But Satan shook his head. "They will never believe you," he said.

"Send me," spoke up another. "I will tell them there is no hell."

"No," said Satan. "Even if they believed you, they would still hope for heaven."

Then a third devil volunteered. "Send me," he said. "I will tell them there is no hurry."

Satan was pleased with this suggestion. The envoy was sent and, according to reports, enjoyed and is still enjoying great success.



Pointed Paragraphs

Tribute to Lovers

June is called the month of lovers, but they who use the term are most often thinking of orange blossoms and bridal gowns. There is a sense in which the term can be used of the month of June that transcends all references to love between man and maid. June is the month of lovers of the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer.

There is no more cheering phenomenon of modern times than the sight of the innumerable Catholics who have made devotion to the Sacred Heart an integral part of their lives. Non-Catholics are sometimes amazed to see the fidelity with which Catholics attend Mass every Sunday of the year; but they rationalize their amazement by reminding themselves that Catholics have been placed under obligation to attend Mass on Sundays. If they could only see how many of these same Catholics go to Mass and Communion every first Friday of the month, under no compulsion save that of strong personal love for Christ, they would find their amazement leading to investigation that might well end in their finding the Truth.

It was a humble little nun to whom the Saviour appeared, begging that she appeal to the Catholic world to show special love and make earnest reparation for the coldness and indifference of much of the world toward His Sacred Heart. The appeal has not been without result. The month of June, dedicated to the Sacred Heart,

and every first Friday of the year, especially designated by the Saviour as His day, always bring a great outpouring of devotion and love, especially through attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.

There are some, of course, whom the appeal has not yet reached or touched. Let it be an added incentive to those who will be giving the month of June to the Sacred Heart, as they give every first Friday of the year, to know that by their loyal example they will be making the appeal more widely known and answered. Every daily communicant during June will be reiterating to cold and indifferent hearts the sad words of the Redeemer, with which He first spoke to St. Margaret Mary many years ago: "Behold this Heart which has so loved men that it has consumed and exhausted itself for love. Yet from the majority of men I receive only coldness and indifference, contempt and insult, in my Sacrament of Love. O do you see that reparation be made for all these sins."

When Movies Are Sinful

In an article of the April *Ecclesiastical Review*, the Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.Ss.R., professor of moral theology at the Catholic University of America, summarizes the moral principles that Catholics should follow in their attendance at movies. Inasmuch as questions about these

matters are frequently asked, we here set down the practical conclusions that are reached in the article, which answer almost all the questions that ordinarily arise. The comment added is our own:

1. People are bound in conscience to assure themselves of the lawfulness of attending a picture before they go to see it. A person who would habitually and frequently go to see pictures without taking such precautions would ordinarily be guilty of grave sin.

Comment: This means, of course, that recourse should be had to the Legion of Decency lists before attendance at movies, unless one has some other means of ascertaining beforehand whether pictures are fit to be seen. Many of the better Catholic magazines such as the *Sign*, *America*, the *Catholic World*, *Commonweal*, carry reliable reviews of new pictures that are available before the Legion of Decency lists them. Some persons object that the Legion of Decency is so late with its listing of pictures that one is apt to miss certain pictures by waiting for the listing. This is not a valid excuse, because if a picture disappears before its listing appears, that is a sure sign that it was not worth seeing in the first place.

2. An A-1 picture may be attended by all persons safely, apart from very exceptional cases.

Comment: The exception would be only such persons as would find by experience that even ordinary pictures are harmful or dangerous to them.

3. A person would commit a mortal sin by attending a B picture that constitutes for him a proximate occasion of grave sin, or if by attending he gave grave scandal to others.

Comment: The proximate occasion

of grave sin can arise either from the fact that sensual portions of the film arouse impure thoughts or desires, or from the fact that portrayals of acts contrary to Catholic morality, such as suicide, or divorce, tend to weaken one's acceptance of the Catholic code of morals. Both of these dangers surely apply to children and adolescents, and parents have a serious obligation of keeping them from B pictures. The danger of scandal is present when attendance by a Catholic at a B picture is liable to influence others, for whom the same picture is an occasion of sin, to attend. In general, it may be said that Catholics cannot presume the right to attend B pictures; the presumption is against their being permitted, so that special reasons and special assurance of being unharmed and of not harming others by them must be present.

4. Pictures classified as C movies must be avoided by all persons under pain of mortal sin.

Comment: C pictures are so classified by mature and conscientious reviewers because they are a common danger to all.

5. Children should not be allowed to go to A-2 pictures, nor to go to the movies more than once a week.

Comments: Who are children? Surely all who are still in grade school, and with a few exceptions, all who are in the first two grades of high school. Above that the question of whether a youth should be permitted to attend A-2 pictures depends largely on the moral and intellectual maturity of the person.

Children should not be permitted to go to movies more than once a week because all reliable authorities are agreed that frequent attendance at movies is harmful to the moral,

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physical, and intellectual growth and development of a child. Some excellent authorities say that children should be limited to not more than once-a-month attendance at movies.

6. Catholics should try to elevate the screen in a positive manner.

Comment: This they can do by making known, both to local movie theater managers and to film companies, their pleasure over good, clean, wholesome movies, and even by letting actors and actresses know that they appreciate the good pictures in which they take part.

Motorists Beware

We raise our voice loudly and vigorously to warn against the dangers of the highway that all who drive forth on business or vacation expeditions this summer must inevitably face. In 1941, 37,000 persons were killed in highway accidents; in 1946 it is expected that the figure will top that by several thousands.

There are many reasons for special caution in driving this year.

1. Thousands of cars on the highways will be old cars, and thousands of tires on those cars will be old tires. It is estimated that not for three years will all prospective buyers be able to replace their old cars with new ones, and not for another year will all demands for new tires be filled. Old cars and old tires increase the liability of accident, not only to those who drive the old cars or on the old tires, but to those who meet them and pass them by on the highway. If you do

not want to be among the year's casualties, drive carefully in your own car, and above all, carefully on crowded highways.

2. The long pent-up love of the open road, denied expression by the restrictions of the war years, is going to make many people, who do not read or do not heed warnings like this, reckless and thoughtless. You'll find them passing cars on hills and around curves; driving at unreasonable speeds on bumpy roads; yes, and driving when they have taken a few drinks — enough to make their reactions to danger slow and dull. If you want to live, drive with the realization that you cannot count on the other fellow. He may be one of the reckless kind.

3. Though there will still be a great shortage of new cars, you won't notice that on the open road. Everybody and his brother will be driving some kind of a jalopy this summer. Therefore the roads will be crowded, jammed. Don't start out on any trip with the idea that you have to cover a certain amount of distance in a certain time. Count on being slowed down by traffic, especially around cities, and determine to be patient. If you are one of the pushing type, who must get places on schedule, you had better stay off the road, because you may have to be carried to your destination and you won't know it when you get there. Crowded roads and impatient tourists make for a large proportion of accidents.

Lessons for Bores (II)

Lincoln once said of a fellow lawyer: "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met."

And the French diplomat Talleyrand said rather sharply of a certain woman writer: "She is not only a little tiresome, she is perfectly tiresome."



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

History of Heresies

Chapter III. Heresies of the Third Century (*Cont.*)

Tertullian:

Born in Carthage, Tertullian was the son of a centurion of the Roman army. In his early years he was a pagan, but was converted to the faith in about the year 197, and was ordained a priest at the age of 40. He lived to an extreme old age. Many of his writings, such as his treatises on baptism, penance, prayer, idolatry, and the soul, form a brilliant defense of the teachings of Christianity. A forceful writer, and well versed in science and history, he wrote convincing refutations of Marcion, Praxeas, and other heretics. But, though in one of his books he called Montanus a heretic, Tertullian himself was later misled by Proclus and fell into the Montanist heresy. The famous historian, Baronius, narrates that he was cast out of the Church and excommunicated by Pope Zephyrinus.

One of the principal causes of Tertullian's lapse into heresy was the excessive severity of his character. In his writings he placed too great a stress upon continence, and in his personal life he gave himself up to severe mortifications and prolonged vigils. Becoming enraged at what appeared to him to be the laxity of the Roman clergy he embraced the cause of the Montanists who strove after an excessive severity of life. He even went so far as to profess that Montanus was the Paraclete.

Many of the errors which Tertullian expounded are examples of the severity of the Montanists: that the Church cannot absolve from adultery; that second marriages must be considered as adulterous; that it is not allowed to anyone to decline martyrdom. He also demanded the observance of a second Lent, and described the Catholics as *animals* for observing only one. He taught, moreover, that the soul is bodily and palpable, but transparent, claiming that he had been taught this by several prophetesses in a vision.

Many authors claim that Tertullian forsook the Montanists before his death. But he left behind himself a sect of Tertullianists which flourished in Carthage for two hundred years. And it was only in the time of St. Augustine, who was instrumental in bringing them back to the Catholic Church, that these followers of Tertullian finally forsook their heresy.

Origen:

An Egyptian, and raised in Alexandria, Origen was the son of St. Leonidas, the martyr, who superintended his child's education in letters and Sacred Scripture. Leonidas was so fond of him that he would frequently, while the child was sleeping, kiss his breast, thus recognizing it as the temple of the Holy Ghost. When only 18 years old Origen became a

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catechist of the Church at Alexandria, and he acquired such a reputation in the performance of his office that even pagans would come to hear him. One of his hearers was Plutarch, later a celebrated martyr. And when persecution was at its height, he did not hesitate to place himself at the service of the confessors of the faith.

Even as a youth Origen fled the pleasures of the flesh and preserved chastity inviolate. He argued against the Arabians who rejected the immortality of the soul; Berillus, who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, he brought back to the faith; and he converted Ambrose who had become infected with the Valentinian heresy. So great a desire did he conceive for martyrdom, while visiting his father who was held in prison, that he determined to offer himself; and his mother could prevent him from doing so only by concealing his clothes. Though he was thus prevented from carrying out his purpose and from visiting his father, he nevertheless wrote letters to his father urging him to constancy in the faith. When but 18 years of age he was placed in charge of studies at Alexandria. So brilliant a mind did he possess that while composing his commentaries on Sacred Scripture he would often dictate to as many as seven or more secretaries at one time.

At one time, while traveling to Greece, which at the time was being torn by several heresies, he encountered two bishops from Palestine. They, thinking that such an action would be of great profit to the Church, constrained Origen to accept priestly orders. But Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was so displeased at this that he deposed him from the priesthood and forbade him com-

munion with the Church. Other bishops, however, sheltered and assisted him in this calamity. It is, moreover, narrated that in the persecution of Decian he underwent a long and severe imprisonment and many other sufferings for the faith.

A summary of the false doctrine of Origen can be found in his work *De Principiis*. In it he undertook to refute Valentinus, Marcion, and Ebion who maintained that some men were by nature good and others bad. Origen himself taught that only God is good and unchangeable, while creatures are capable of good or evil according as they employ their liberty. Human souls, he said, are of the same nature as heavenly spirits. All were created before the creation of the world, but because of sin they were imprisoned by God in the sun, the moon, and the stars as well as in human bodies, that they might for a certain time atone for their sins. Freed by death from their captivity they might seek heaven as a reward of their merits, or be consigned to hell in punishment for sin. But in no case is such a reward or punishment eternal. Hence it could be that the blessed, because of new sins, could be expelled from heaven, and the demons and the damned would not remain forever in hell. Jesus Christ must be crucified once more at the end of the world that even these might partake of the Redemption. After the destruction of this world there will be other worlds, just as there were many others before it. For God cannot be inactive and can never exist without a world. Because he was imbued with the opinions of Plato, Pythagoras, and the Manicheans, Origen left these and many other errors in writing.



Conducted by T. Tobin, C.Ss.R.

CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Dr. James J. Walsh, 1865-1942

I. Life:

James J. Walsh was born of Irish-American parents in Archbald, Pa., on April 12, 1865. He was graduated from the Catholic parochial school. Most of his higher education was received from Fordham, which conferred on him the Ph.D. in 1889 and the LL.D. in 1890. While at Fordham Mr. Walsh played center on the football team. After leaving Fordham he studied with the Jesuits for six years. Ill-health caused him to abandon his desire to enter the order. After this he studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. When he had received his degree in medicine he went abroad for graduate study in 1895. Dr. Walsh was the dean of the medical school at Fordham until its closing in 1913.

Dr. Walsh was a great Catholic layman throughout his life. He spent a great deal of his time in lecturing on various Catholic topics. In 1934 he spoke on a world-wide network from the Eucharistic Congress in Buenos Aires. He was a close personal friend of Cardinals Farley and Hayes. Several Catholic universities awarded him honorary degrees. Notre Dame presented the Lecture Medal to him in 1916. The Holy Father made Dr. Walsh a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory and a Knight of the Order of Malta. The Catholic Church in America lost a great leader and spokesman when Dr. Walsh died on February 28, 1942.

II. Writings:

Every year for forty years Dr. Walsh saw one of his books issue from the press. His work began early in his career as medical editor of the *New York Herald*. Most of his writing has been on distinctively Catholic themes. He had a firm conviction of the re-

sponsibility of every Catholic author to work for the cause of the Church. His books are clear and simple and popular in the best use of that term.

Several biographies of Catholics have been published by Doctor Walsh. *Mother Alphonsa* is the story of the work of Hawthorne's daughter for those afflicted with cancer; *Catholic Churchmen in Science* is a three volume work; *The American Cardinals* was written in 1926. He has also written other books on general Catholic subjects. *A Catholic Looks at Life* shows his views of life and his brothers and sisters in the faith. *The Catholic Church and Healing* is a short essay on the Church's doctrine and practice concerning the care of the sick.

III. The Book:

Perhaps the best known of all his books is *The Thirteenth, The Greatest of Centuries*. Despite the great difficulty in finding a publisher, this book sold so well that Dr. Walsh estimated that from 1907 until 1933 it brought him more than \$40,000. This book had a great deal to do with the abandonment of the common idea that everything in the Middle Ages was dark and chaotic. Dr. Walsh shows how our culture reached its highest point of development in the golden age of the thirteenth century. Philosophy and theology were blessed with the wisdom of St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure. Architecture raised the beautiful Gothic cathedrals for the honor of God. The laboring man was protected by the Guilds and the teaching of the Church. *The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries* is an excellent survey of the work of the Church in the Middle Ages.

June Book Reviews

John Henry Newman

The centenary of the reception of Cardinal Newman into the Catholic Church has called forth a great deal of literature about the great convert. One of the better lives is the one written by the American convert, John Moody. Mr. Moody has produced a scholarly and readable life of *John Henry Newman* (Sheed and Ward, 353 pp., \$3.75). The author writes sympathetically about the Anglican days of Cardinal Newman. His friendships and scholarly pursuits are well detailed. The Catholic days that were first so filled with the bright promise during the "honeymoon period" of Newman's life gradually faded into days of doubt and suspicion.

Mr. Moody has written a modern life of the man whom all Catholics should know and revere. It is based on the classical life by Wilfred Ward and the letters of the Cardinal. Much use has also been made of the writings of the great scholar and thinker. This work does not supersede the life by Mr. Ward, but is perhaps the best contemporary life of the English Cardinal. Mr. Moody narrates in a clear and fair manner the misunderstandings between Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman. The reading of *John Henry Newman* should lead to admiration and personal contact with the great leader of Catholic thought.

World Christianity

The veteran Maryknoll Missionary, Father John J. Considine, has given us another book on the missions. Unlike his previous books, which were concerned with men active in the mission field, *World Christianity* (Newman, \$1) is a short theological essay of 46 pages. In the midst of all our modern concern for world unity Father Considine reminds us that the only permanent basis for world solidarity must be found in World Christianity. The thesis of the book is that the missionary spirit is a necessary part of Christianity that is intended to save all men. Archbishop Cushing, the Mission Archbishop of Boston, presents a very important thought in his preface. "The non-Christian in the world needs above all the Christian religion. The Christian has above all else the duty of doing something about getting it to him. But—and here is the great 'but' which many ardent Christians have so often forgotten—it must be offered without arrogance, without vanity, without disdain, with-

out smug superiority. Rather, he suggests, the true missionary offers the abundance of his gift in humble human friendship. Priests and seminarians will be reminded again of the obligations imposed on them by *World Christianity* (Bruce, \$1) by reading this book.

Life on the Foreign Missions

Father Theophane Maguire, C.P., the former editor of the *Sign*, has written the story of his missionary days among the Miao people in the interior of China. *Hunan Harvest* (Bruce, 192 pp., \$2.50) tells of the lights and shadows in the life of a foreign missionary. Shortly after ordination Father Maguire went with several companions to China. He was assigned to work among the pagan tribes that were already living in China when the modern Chinese conquered them several centuries before Christ. He found that the way to their hearts was to answer the respectful yet insistent cry: "Old sir! Venerable one! I have no rice to eat."

Missionary life is not glamorized. The trials and difficulties are not glossed over. The author shows that mission life is not ordinarily one gigantic self-sacrifice, but a constant and continual submission to little unpleasanties that make it clear that life on the mission is not the same as life at home. Bedbugs can be as annoying as bandits. The account of the depressing effect of the incessant rain is a very vivid passage in the book. Do not think for one moment that Father Theophane has written only of the drab and tiresome part of missionary life. His first concern and joy was for the harvest of souls that the Lord gave to him. He stresses the fact that he is working with and for brothers of Christ. The happiness that comes from contact with noble pagan souls, the little humorous events that brighten daily life, also find their place in the narrative. *Hunan Harvest* is a very readable and human recording of years spent in the service of the Lord. The author makes fervent appeal for others to take up the work of the foreign missions. He points out that in 1945 America's contribution to the foreign mission personnel of the world amounted to only 4.5 per cent.

A Sainly Soldier

It is a well-known and lamented fact that the French clergy were forced to carry arms

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during World War I. An account of a French Trappist who was conscripted has been republished under the title of *A Mystic Under Arms* (Newman, 59 pp., \$1). Father Eugene Boylan, O.Cist.R., has written this short sketch from the published material at hand. Michael Carlier became a Trappist monk a few years before World War I began. His life in the trenches was based on the last words of advice given him by his abbot: "Be a good soldier! Never forget that sanctity consists in the entire accomplishment of God's will in one's regard at any moment. Life in the cloister and life in the battlefield are each adequate to make a saint!" On September 14, 1917, a heavy shell called Michael Carlier back again to God. This brief outline will show all that sanctity can be found anywhere, even on the battlefield. It is to be regretted that a larger and more complete life is not available to English readers.

St. John Eudes

For the first time the writings of St. John Eudes have been made available in English translation. Pope Pius X called St. John Eudes "the Father, the Doctor and the Apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart." Before the time of the revelations to St. Margaret Mary St. John Eudes was already spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen in a preface to one of the volumes has written of the importance of the Saint. "There is a certain relevance of the spiritual doctrines of St. John Eudes for our times. . . . The Poet would hold the 'mirror up to nature,' but this Saint holds the 'mirror up to Jesus.' To the modern man who is lost, St. John Eudes gives Jesus the Way of Life; to the modern man who is confused, the Saint offers Jesus the Exemplar; and to the modern man who is frustrated, the Saint offers Jesus the Prototype of the sons of God and the First-born of creatures."

The first of the projected six volumes is *The Life and Kingdom of Jesus in Christian Souls* (Kenedy, 348 pp., \$3). A Trappist monk from Gethsemani has made the translation. The first one hundred pages are concerned with the nature of the Christian life as a following of Christ. The remaining pages are taken up with various prayers and spiritual exercises. *The Sacred Heart of Jesus* (184 pp., \$2) has been translated by Dom Richard Folwer. This volume contains a

series of meditations on the Sacred Heart.

One who picks up these volumes expecting to find a connected treatise on devotion to the Sacred Heart will be very disappointed. For the most part these two books are prayers and reflections by one of the great apostles of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Perhaps the most valuable contributions in these two volumes are the two prefaces. Monsignor Sheen contributes the preface to the first volume and Father Gerald B. Phelan to the second volume. Monsignor Sheen shows the importance for the modern world of a return to the Sacred Heart. The learned President of the Institute of Medieval Studies outlines the history of the devotion in his 17-page preface.

The Founder of the Cistercians

It is not commonly known that the founder of the Cistercian order was an Englishman, St. Stephen Harding. St. Stephen was educated in an English monastery and joined the group of monks who later moved to Citeaux. St. Stephen had great influence in the spiritual formation of St. Bernard. This is a good biography, more detailed and not so scintillating as the life contained in *Three Religious Rebels* by Father Raymond. Of particular interest is the history of this life. It is an Anglican translation made by J. B. Delgairns under the direction of Newman in 1844. It was re-edited with corrective footnotes by the scholar, Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. Now it has been republished in 1945. *The Life of St. Stephen Hardy* (Newman, 208 pp., \$2.50) is worth reading.

Meditations on the Passion

One who had been Mistress of Novices for thirty years has assembled a series of meditations on the passion which have been of help to her in the formation of the religious of her congregation. Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P., has re-edited this work under the title, *Meditations on the Passion* (Newman, 305 pp., \$3.75). The introduction explains the value of meditation on the sufferings of Christ. Though these meditations have been taken from various sources, they are arranged in a connected form. The Ignatian approach to mental prayer is used in the book. Each meditation is divided into three points of about page length. Communities and individual priests and religious will find this book a source of progress in the love of the crucified Christ.

Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published by "Best Sellers,"

University of Scranton, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

I. Suitable for general reading:

Lodging at the Cloud — *Crabb*
 This Is My America — *Kilmer*
 Hunan Harvest — *Maguire*
 Mystic in Motley — *Maynard*
 Starling of the White House — *Starling*
 According to the Pattern — *Burton*
 The Friendly Persuasion — *West*
 Miss Bunting — *Thirkell*

II. Suitable for adults only because of:

A. *Contents and style too advanced for adolescents:*

A Frenchman Must Die — *Boyle*
 Best of Science Fiction — *Conklin*
 Man-Eaters of Kumanon — *Corbett*
 Holy Disorders — *Crispin*
 The Bulwark — *Dreiser*
 Yankee Storekeeper — *Gould*
 Science, Liberty and Peace — *Huxley*
 Whisper Murder! — *Kelsey*
 The Great Divorce — *Lewis*
 You and the Universe — *O'Neill*
 Burma Surgeon Returns — *Seagrave*
 The Snake Pit — *Ward*
 Star of the Unborn — *Werfel*
 Whom Thou Seekest — *Anonymous*
 Must We Fight Russia — *Culbertson*
 This Side of Innocence — *Caldwell*
 Top Secret — *Ingersoll*
 The Trouble at Turkey Hill — *Knight*

With Cradle and Clock — *Stowman*

The Great Retreat — *Timasheff*

B. *Immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:*

Tempered Blade — *Barrett*
 He Who Whispers — *Carr*
 The Story of the Stars and Stripes — *Hutton*

Aloha! the Story of One Who Was Born in Paradise — *von Tempshi*

Hurry Up and Wait — *Wilder*

Second Carrot from the End — *Beck*

The King's General — *Du Maurier*

Brideshead Revisited — *Waugh*

III. Unsuitable for general reading but permitted for discriminating adults:

The Great Conspiracy — *Sayers*
 The Life Line — *Bottoms*
 The Other Side — *Jameson*
 I Hate Blondes! — *Kaufman*

IV. Not recommended for any class of readers:

Wake of the Red Witch — *Roark*
 My Father Who Is on Earth — *Wright*
 A House in the Uplands — *Caldwell*
 Dutchess Hotspur — *Marshall*
 Valley Boy — *Pratt*
 Arch of Triumph — *Remarque*
 The Foxes of Harrow — *Yerby*
 The Zebra Derby — *Shulman*

Books

Published by The Liguorian

<i>St. Alphonsus Liguori</i> by D. F. Miller-L. X. Aubin.....	\$2.00
<i>The Gift of Oneself</i> by Schrijvers.....	1.50
<i>Our Divine Friend</i> by Schrijvers-Coll.....	1.00
<i>In Praise of Mary</i> by B. Lenz.....	1.00
<i>Blessings in Illness</i> by D. F. Miller.....	.25
<i>Commandments of God</i> by T. B. Roche.....	.25



Lucid Intervals

A would-be grand opera singer asked a German music professor to hear her. He played her accompaniment and listened to her for a few minutes, but she sang so far off the key that he finally slammed down the piano and refused to continue.

"What's the matter?" inquired the lady in amazement. "Don't you like my singing?"

"Der trouble mit your singing, Madam," asserted Herr Professor, "is dot vedder I play on der vite keys or vedder I play on der black keys, you sing in der cracks."

A traffic expert in New York, in speaking of traffic jams abroad, says that the London drivers and chauffeurs enliven many an occasion by their wit and sarcasm. One London driver drew up, when he saw a pedestrian directly in his way, and leaned over and very politely inquired:

"I say, sir, may I awsk what are your plans?"

Because the school was situated beside a busy road a traffic policeman was posted at certain hours to take the children across the road safely. One day the policeman on duty was engrossed in conversation with a pal while two small boys waited impatiently for the word to go. At last one of them could bear the delay no longer.

"Hi! What about it, mister?" he said, pulling the policeman's sleeve. "We've got work to do!"

A canny couple from the North when on a visit to London took a journey in "The Underground." While descending in the elevator the old man was looking at a notice which read "Spitting strictly prohibited—penalty forty shillings." When his wife whispered to him:

"Eh, John! I think I'm gaen to be sick."

"No' here, woman, no' here!" cried John: "look at the notice! It costs twa pounds just to spit."

The census taker asked a hearty moun-

taineer how many children he had. "Four," was the firm answer, "and, by cricky, that's all I'm going to have too."

"Why so emphatic?" asked the census taker.

"I ain't fergettin' what I read in the Almanac," said the mountaineer. "It said there that every fifth child born is a Chinaman."

It was the morning for free mental exercise and teacher was putting her little class through a bit of abstract training.

"Now, Willie," asked she, turning to a freckled youth in the end row, "if a policeman found a watch on a tramp, what would you naturally infer about the watch?"

"That it was on the bum!" came the prompt answer.

A very thin fullback was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during a Rugby match.

At last, when play had moved to the other end, the back turned and shouted to the spectators: "Whoever owns this dog might call him off."

A voice responded: "Come here, Spot. Them ain't bones, boy—they's legs."

A party of high-powered and over-dressed hunters from the city were pushing through swamp country when they came upon a small bare-foot boy with a sling shot.

"And what are you hunting for?" one of the party asked.

"I don't know," replied the boy. "I ain't seen it yet."

A very beautiful lady, who was also rather vain, once wished to praise Ireland, and said to an assembled group of sons of Erin:

"I really think I was meant for an Irish woman."

A gallant and witty old Irishman immediately responded with:

"Faith, madam, thousands would stand behind me in sayin' you was meant fer an Irishman!"

FOOD FOR THE STARVING

The time is at hand for America to show its compassion for the starving people of the world.

During June and July food campaigns will be held all over the country. It is our thought that while people are dying of hunger, America ought to have a food drive in their behalf every month or every two months until the situation is relieved. We could well afford it, despite the shortages in our own larders.

When the appeal is made in your neighborhood, give as generously as you can, both of foodstuffs from your own supplies and of money with which food can be bought for those in such terrible need.

That way we Americans shall show the world that we possess the charity of Christians, that we cherish no hatreds now that the war is over, and that we are not content to enjoy the immense blessings Providence has bestowed on us in coldhearted isolation while the rest of the world is suffering and dying in need.

We can make it unnecessary for any thought of rationing to be raised, if we amaze the world by the generosity and self-sacrifice with which we meet this appeal for the starving.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Avalanche
Blue Sierra
Gunning for Vengeance
Rendezvous 24
Adventure for Two
Ambush Trail
Bad Bascom
Bad Man's Territory
Bandit of Sherwood Forest
Battle for Music
Bells of St. Mary's, The
Blondie's Lucky Day
Border Bandits
Boy's Ranch
Burma Victory
Caravan Trail
Dark Alibi
Days of Buffalo Bill
Devotion
Ding Dong Williams
Do You Love Me?
Enchanted Forest, The
Follow That Woman
Frontier Gunlaw
Gay Blades
Gay Cavalier, The
Gentleman With Gun
Green Years, The
Haunted Mine, The
Home on the Range
Hot Cargo
Hotel Reserve
In Old Sacramento
Johnny Comes Flying Home
Johnny in the Clouds
Junior Prom
Lightning Raiders
Make Mine Music
Marie-Louise
Miss Susie Slagle's
Moon Over Montana
Northwest Trail
Our Heart Were Growing Up
Out of the Depths
Partners in Time
Red Dragon
Roaring Rangers
Romance of the West
See My Lawyer
Shadow Returns, The
Six Gun Man
So Goes My Love
Song of Arizona
Sunbonnet Sue
Sunset in El Dorado
Sunset Pass
Terror by Night
Terror on Horseback
They Were Expendable
Throw a Saddle on a Star
Thunder Town

Tokyo Rose
Up Goes Maisie
Virginian, The
Walk in the Sun, A
Wanderer of the Wasteland
Wife of Monte Cristo, The
What Next Corporal Hargrove?

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Mysterious Intruder
Renegades

Previously Reviewed

Abilene Town
Allotment Wives
Bamboo Blonde
Because of Him
Bedlam
Behind Green Lights
Black Market Babies
Blonde Alibi
Blue Dahlia, hTe
Breakfast in Hollywood
Cat Creeps, The
Catman of Paris, The
Cinderella Jones
Close Call for Boston Blackie, A
Cluny Brown
Cornered
Crime Doctor's Warning
Crime of the Century
Crimson Canary, The
Dakota
Danger Signal
Dark Corner, The
Deadline at Dawn
Detour
Vevil Bat's Daughter
Dick Tracy
Don't Fence Me In
Dragonwyck
Falcon's Alibi, The
Fear
French Key, The
From This Day Forward
Game of Death, A
Genius at Work
Great John L., The
Gun Town
Guy Could Change, A
Harvey Girls, The
Heartbeat
Hearty the Fifth
Hold That Blonde
Hoodlum Saint, The
House of Horrors
Idea Girl
It Happened at the Inn (French)
I Was a Criminal
Journey Together
Just Before Dawn

Kid from Brooklyn, The
Last Chance, The
Leave Her to Heaven
Letter for Evie, A
Little Giant, The
Live Wires
Lost Weekend, The
Love, Honor and Goodbye
Madonna of the Seven Moons
Madonna's Secret, The
Man Alive
Meet Me on Broadway
Murder in the Music Hall
Murder Is My Business
My Name Is Julia Ross
My Reputation
Night Editor
Night in Casablanca, A
Notorious Lone Wolf
One Way to Love
Pardon My Past
People Are Funny
Rerious Holiday
Phantom Thief, The
Portrait of Maria
Prison Ship
River Boat
River Gang
San Antonio
Sentimental Journey
She Went to the Races
She-Wolf of London
Shock
Smooth as Silk
Spanish Main, The
Spellbound
Spider, The
Spider Woman Strikes Back, hTe
Spiral Staircase, The
Stolen Life
Stork Club, The
Strange Conquest
Strange Impersonation
Stranger, The
Strangler of the Swamp
Strange Mr. Gregory, The
Swing Parade of 1946
Talk About a Lady
Tars and Spars
Tarzan and the Leopard Woman
They Made Me a Killer
To Each His Own
Tomorrow Is Forever
Too Young to Know
Truth About Murder, The
Two Sisters from Boston
Two Smart People
Vacation from Marriage
Valley of the Zombies
Voice of the Whistler, The
Waltz Time
Well-Groomed Bride, The
Woman Who Came Back, The
Yank in London, A
Yolanda and the Thief
Young Widow
Ziegfeld Follies

